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American West

The land and its people

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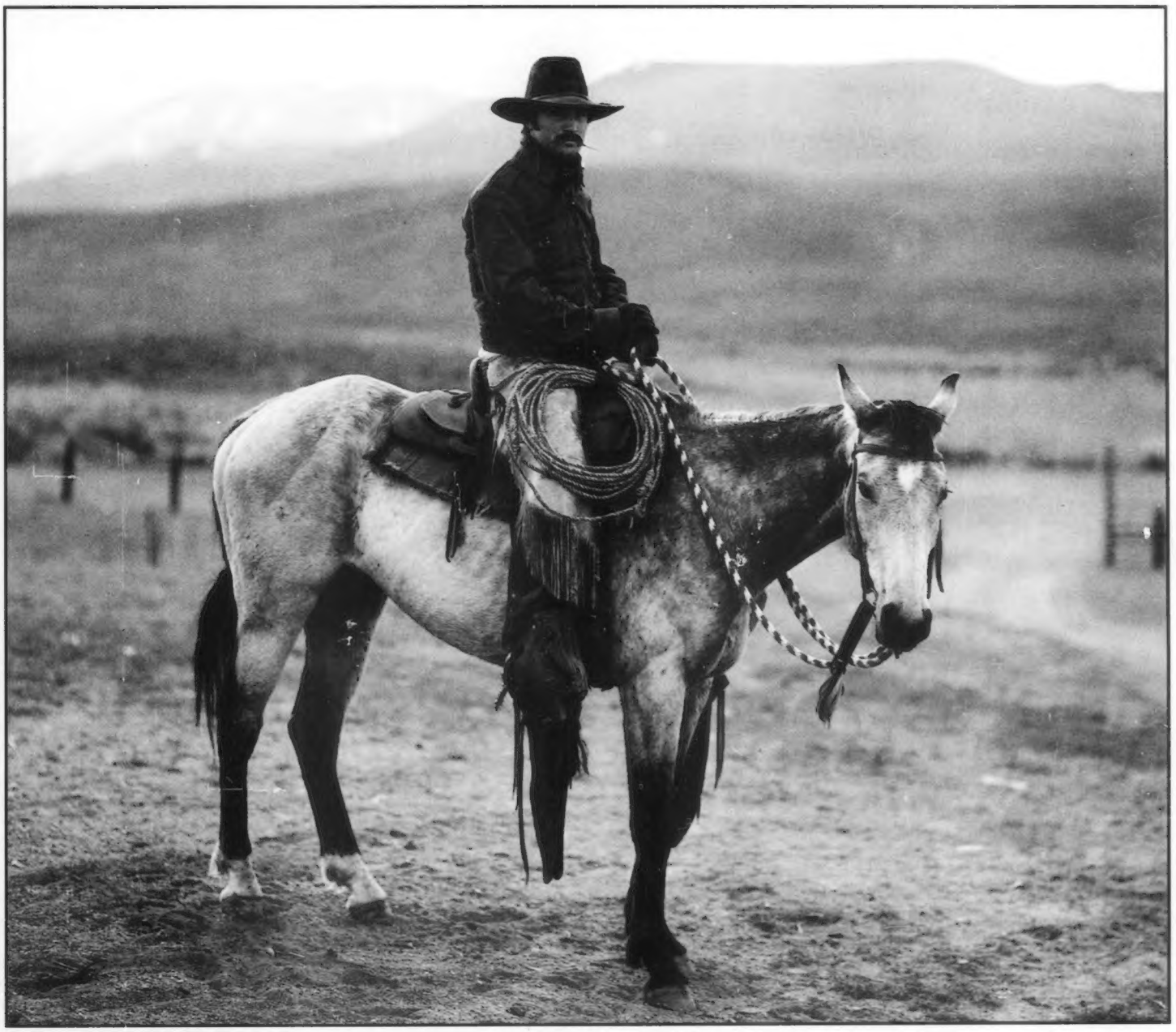

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Live portraits of American cowboys

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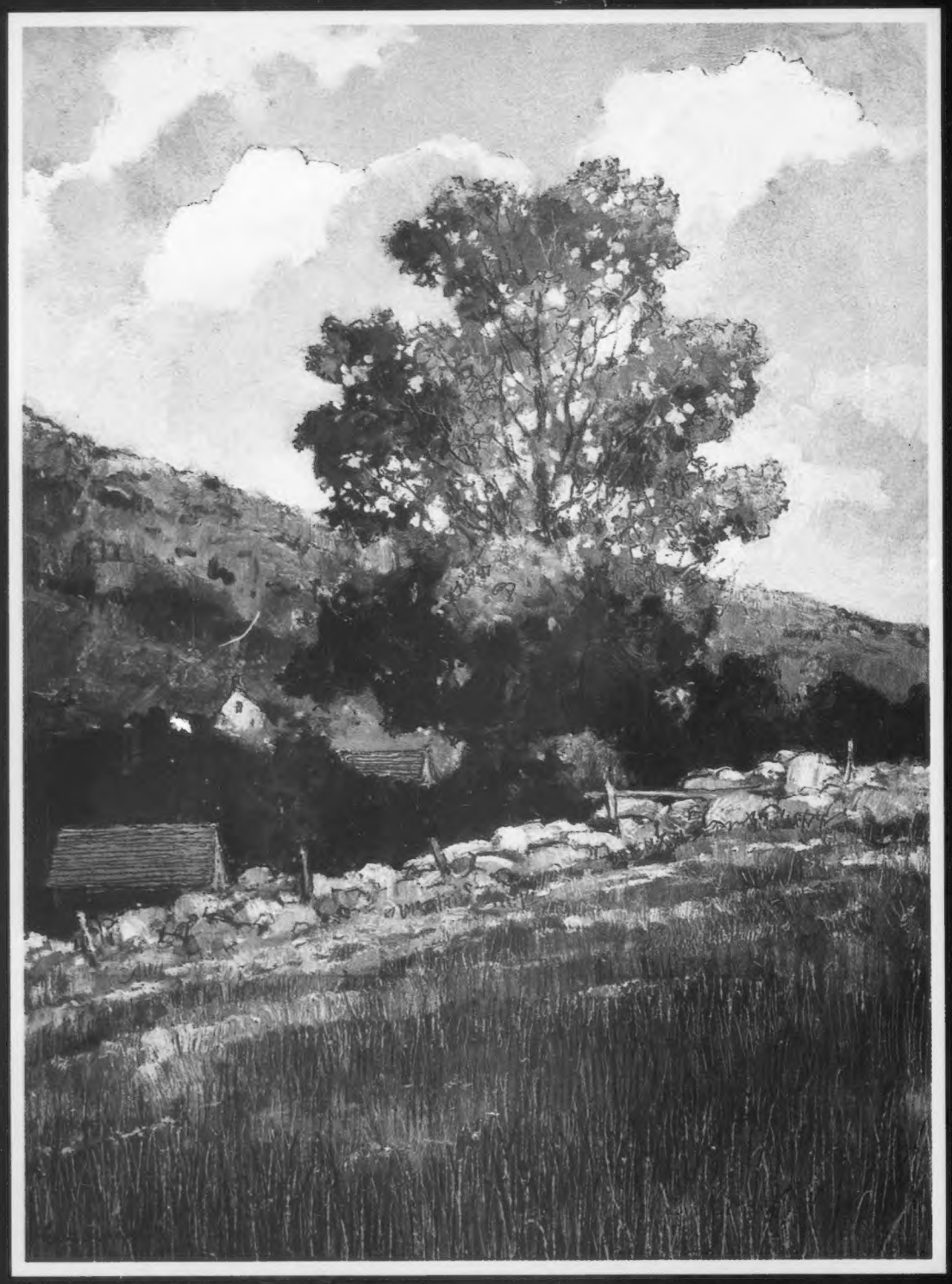

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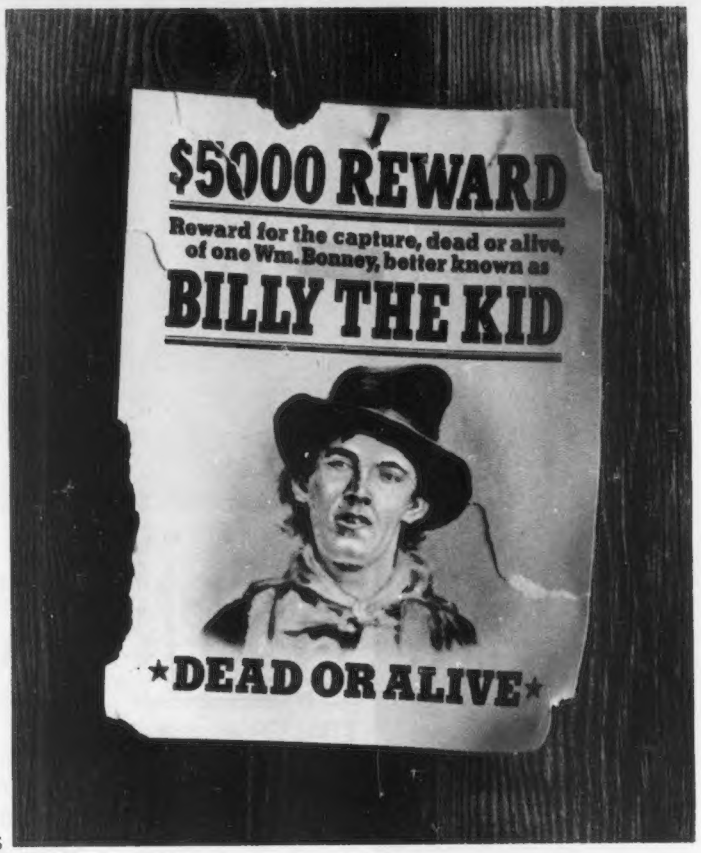

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AMERICAN WEST AND ITS READERS CELEBRATE THE UNSPOILED WEST

WIN A TRIP PHOTO CONTEST

"AMERICAN WEST and its Readers Celebrate the Unspoiled West" is the theme of the first photography contest in our magazine's twenty-year history. Photos will be judged in two categories: "The Land" and "The People." We deliberately kept the categories simple because the West is a land that offers limitless

inflatable camera bag. The unique construction of this bag gives maximum water tight protection, and cushions your equipment with pockets of air.

Deadline for entries is October 7, 1983. There is still plenty of time to shoot the West's summer and early fall. Read the contest rules and get your entries in the mail!

CONTEST RULES

Eligibility
The contest is open to everyone except

Each entry must be clearly marked on the back with the name and address of the photographer, the contest category, where the photo was taken, and if possible the type of camera and film used, along with any special lenses, equipment or techniques. Model releases must accompany all photos that include identifiable people.

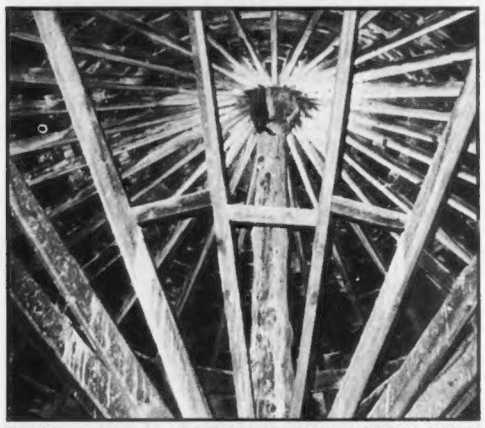
Liability
A stamped, self-addressed envelope must accompany your entries for them to be returned. AMERICAN WEST is not responsible for materials lost or damaged in the mail.

Deadline

September/October 1983 Vol. XX, No. 5

American West

PAGE 38 COURTESY DOLLY STANLEY-ROBERSON



PAGE 48 COURTESY HARNEY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PAGE 30 PHOTO BY GEOFFREY BIDDLE

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Cover

"He is one of us, trying to shed some good light on our way of life." That's how his former ranch boss describes Jay Dusard, award-winning photographer whose work appears on our cover and in our feature "Living Portrait of the North American Cowboy." Pictured on the Stampede Ranch in Nevada, 1982, our cover buckaroo is Martin Black. With the same affectionate care that Dusard gives to his picture-taking, he tells us about Black: "Raised in Idaho, this buckaroo now holds down a remote cow camp in northern Nevada. Instead of the customary nylon rope of modern times, Martin packs a hand-twisted rawhide *reata* on his slick-fork saddle. The long eaglebill *tapaderos* covering his stirrups afford warmth and protection, and when properly employed are big and noisy enough to turn back a cow or school a bronc." Turn the pages to enjoy our living portraits of working cow-people, both men and women.

View from the West

"No color TV! Only black-and-white! I laughed in his face."

DRAWING BY ROBT DAY. © 1975 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

Who are you?

A fellow editor once said that "editing a magazine is a little like performing in a play for which the audience is miles away, watching through telescopes." We editors have to imagine your reaction to a particular story, photograph, or layout because by the time the applause or catcalls come in we're already off and running on the next issue.

We receive bushels of fascinating Letters to the Editor at AMERICAN WEST—some setting the record straight, some letting us know how a particular reader thinks we could do a better job, and others giving us praise and encouragement. We read them all with care and publish a good percentage within the confines of our space.

Still we want to know more about you; so, periodically we scientifically survey our audience for their opinions of the magazine as well as their ideas of how we might do a better job. What we've determined from these surveys is that AMERICAN WEST's editors keep some heady company with an intelligent, high-income audience that reads every page of the magazine with care.

You are a well-educated group, actively involved in the issues of the region—65% have attended college, and a very high number write letters to public officials on government policy. You are often employed in a professional, managerial position, and you have an average income of $43,070. You travel a great deal, and 68% of you visited a museum in the past year and almost the same number an art gallery. The next highest magazine (after AMERICAN WEST, we hope) in your preferred reading interest is *Smithsonian*—company we're not in the least ashamed to keep.

But perhaps even more satisfying to us editorial types at AMERICAN WEST is the fact that, according to our surveyor, Mark Clements, AMERICAN WEST has a "very high reader involvement with every part of the magazine, every story, every art piece"—so much so that Clements determines we have three readers per copy, which gives us a reading audience of 400,000. Not only that, but Mark Clements tells us that our readers return to our magazine (*their* magazine) 3.42 times per issue.

Plainly, from an editor's point of view, with that music in our ears, that's why we're here doing what we're doing, and with that level of interest and involvement we'd better do it right. Without such a sophisticated, intellectually curious audience as you have proven to be, we could not produce a magazine of this quality. And if we couldn't produce a magazine of this quality, we wouldn't want to be in this business. If this sounds like a mutual admiration society, that's not far from our view.

Three years ago this issue we moved a 20,000 circulation AMERICAN WEST magazine from Cupertino, California, to Tucson, Arizona. Today this same magazine—well, not exactly the same magazine—has 140,000 subscribers and more joining our growing society of western readers daily. We say a "society of western readers" here because from the beginning we've made it plain—and you've made it plain to us with your response—that this magazine is not written and edited for the folks in the cartoon above: not a video-style substitute for the real thing, but rather a slice of the West itself as presented by the finest western writers, photographers, artists, and graphic designers.

There's much more of the same in the issue in your hands, with the fine contributions from writers and photographers Gary Snyder, Stan Steiner, Bill Kittredge, Jay Dusard, C. L. Sonnichsen, and Geoffrey Biddle. And there's lots more where this came from in the months and years of AMERICAN WEST ahead.

Tom Pew

American West

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Letters

Arizona memories

I have just finished reading your article "Spring Sheep Drive on Arizona Trails." I can just imagine the herders lying down and looking to the south and seeing Jerome sparkling in the distance. I was born in Jerome and know that from our viewpoint the whole Verde Valley can be seen. Across the Verde Valley toward the north you can see the San Francisco Peaks. At the base of the peaks is Flagstaff. The article brought back many fond memories of the area.

Your article on Naco, Arizona, made me recall stories of people from Cananea, Mexico, who were working at the mine there and would go to Naco to do their shopping. They would mention the troops stationed there and the sand bags all over town.

Going back further, when I was a boy growing up in Jerome, we had a little old lady that would tell us stories of when the French were in Mexico. She would describe their blue uniforms. I look back and think that I should have written everything down, but when you are young you don't think of those things.

I enjoy reading your magazine very much, and when I subscribed to it I had a feeling that I would be pleased.

Manuel Nuñez
San Leandro, California

French or Anglo-Saxon?

On page 26 of the May/June 1983 AMERICAN WEST, the sheep drive story has the words "piss" and "pissed." Any more such words as that I will cancel out my subscription. This is not supposed to be a pornographic magazine. Please read the articles before you print them. The word "urine" could just as well have been used.

P. E. Kaldenberg
Fellows, California

We are reminded of comments by Charles Berlitz in his Native Tongues *(1982), pages 23–24. After noting the Norman invasion of England in 1066, Berlitz describes its effect upon the Anglo-Saxon language: "When the French and Anglo-Saxon tongues blended into a new language, a rare phenomenon occurred that helped give English the world's largest vocabulary: the language offered two words instead of one, a basic Saxon word and a more elegant or formal French word, for many actions and phenomena.... Bodily substances that are permissibly expressed by English pronunciation of the adopted French words* urine *and* excrément *are still considered shocking and often unprintable in their original Saxon forms."–Ed.*

Greatest Bronc Buster?

We in the Northwest would have to disagree with Jack Burrows's statement that Manny Airola was the Greatest Bronc Rider who ever lived.

In the Northwestern states and Western Canada we have had many great

MATT JOHNSON, HOWDYSHELL PHOTOS, PENDLETON

Jackson Sundown, a full-blooded Nez Perce, became the World Champion Bronc Rider and All-around Cowboy at the Pendleton Roundup in 1916, when he was over forty years old.

ones who won their titles in World Competition, not local competition. To name a few: Yakima Canutt, Bill Linderman, Jim Shoulders, and the Canadians Marty Woods, Pete and Harry Knight, Kenny McLean, etcetera.

However, many of the oldtimers consider Jackson Sundown, a full-blooded Nez Perce, to have been the greatest of them all. He was a small boy at the time of the battle near the Big Hole River in Montana and lived through it by hiding under a buffalo robe. Later he escaped to Canada with White Bird's band and lived with Sitting Bull's band of Sioux for two years.

He won the World Championship at Pendleton. I'm not sure of the year, but he would have won it much sooner than

(Continued on page 56)

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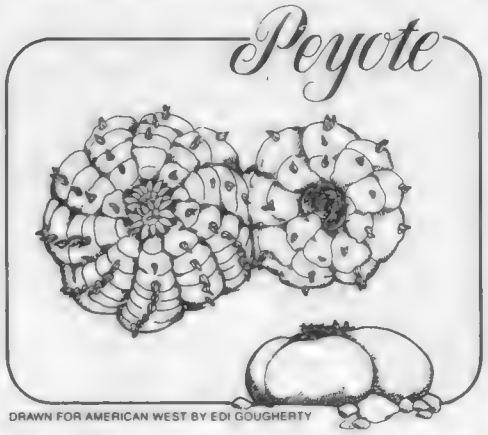
Western Lookout

Hot Bugs. Experiments with bacteria from volcanic vents in the Pacific are stretching man's understanding of the limits of life. Biologists Dr. John Baross of Oregon State University and Dr. Jody Deming of Johns Hopkins University have observed certain "hot bugs" thriving at 482° F. The bacteria were tested in a laboratory pressure cooker after having been obtained from sulphide chimneys in the ocean floor. Multiplying at more than twice the temperature previously thought to be the limit of survival, these forms of life may alter our concept of hostile environments in the universe.

Peyote Across the Border. Last April four Navajos, including a five-year-old boy and his grandparents, were jailed in Ciudad Aleman, Mexico, for possession of 525 pounds of peyote—the tiny hallucinogenic cactus used in sacred Indian rites. Unable to pay the going Texas price for peyote (some ranchers charge as much as one hundred dollars per twenty-pound bag), the Navajos had picked the buttonlike plant for five dollars a



DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY EDI GOUGHERTY

sack from a Mexican ranch. "Our people are not 'drug smugglers.' Peyote is a sacrament," said George Chavez of the Navajo Tribe's Legal Affairs Department in defense of the arrested Navajos, who speak neither English nor Spanish. Under United States law, peyote possession is legal for Indian members of the Native American Church. After nearly two months, the last of the four Navajos was released at the recommendation of Mexico's attorney general.

Finding Ferrets. After scanning more than 7,000 acres, walking some 2,500 miles, and inspecting 111,000 prairie-dog holes, biologists Tim W. Clark and his search team found what they were looking for: a small population of black-footed ferrets alive and well in Wyoming. Presumed extinct by

(Continued on page 61)

TOM MIX & HIS HORSE TONY, CIRCA 1932. COURTESY ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Tom Mix: still tall in the saddle

Years after most silent-movie stars have lost their spell, "King of the Cowboys" Tom Mix and his "Wonder Horse" Tony keep gaining fans. About ten thousand Mix buffs from around the world will gather in DuBois, Pennsylvania, September 15 through 18 to watch Mix movies, swap and sell Mix memorabilia, and discuss the secret of their hero's enduring appeal.

"I got hooked at age seven. He inspired me," says Richard Seiverling, who started the Tom Mix Festival in DuBois four years ago. Enthusiasm for Mix stems in part from his refreshing image as a pure-hearted doer of good deeds. Unlike the hard-living, mean-talking cowboys of contemporary westerns, Mix always played the gentleman. Young listeners to his popular radio broadcast repeated this pledge with their hero: "I promise to shoot straight with my friends by telling the truth always, by being fair and square at work and play. . . ."

In addition to watching Mix gallop across the screen (he made 370 films including some talkies), Festival participants can enhance their collections of Mix souvenirs. Bandanas, rings, toy pistols, and even replicas of Tony's shoe nails have soared in value. Tom Mix was born in 1880 in Cameron County, Pennsylvania—but Texas, Oklahoma, and California all claim the King of the Cowboys as a native son.

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PHOTO BY TERRENCE MOORE

Rancho de Chimayo

Authentic New Mexico fare

by Michael Wallis

The historic high road to Taos snakes through the Sangre de Cristo mountains of northern New Mexico, offering travelers a glimpse of the Spanish Colonial past. Among piñon and aspen meadows and tidy patchwork fields, lie mountain hamlets like Las Trampas, Truchas, Cordova, and Chimayo—each with its own unique traditions.

Once called *Tsimayo* or "good flaking stone" by Tewa Indians in the region, Chimayo changed with the arrival of the Spanish in the late sixteenth century. The village became famous for quality weaving and for an adobe chapel known simply as El Santuario. Here small cakes of earth called *benditos* were sold to the faithful, who dissolved them in water and consumed the concoction in hope of curing their ills.

To this day during Holy Week, thousands of Lenten pilgrims march to El Santuario to light candles, burn incense, and gather handfuls of the healing earth. But this picturesque village of 4,000 has more to offer than miraculous dirt. The growing fields here yield a rich bounty. Chimayo, which lies about thirty miles north of Santa Fe, is the heart and soul of chile country.

"Here we use only local chile," explains restauranteur Arturo Jaramillo, a former state senator. "The chile grown in this valley is the finest you can find. It has plenty of spirit." In an ancestral hacienda named Rancho de Chimayo, Jaramillo has established an elegant restaurant where the essence of the high road to Taos is kept alive.

Rancho de Chimayo was built before the turn of the century by Jaramillo's grandparents. Everything about the rancho is authentic. The floors are made of wide wooden boards, and the vigas in the ceiling are hand hewn. Territorial windows are set into thick adobe walls, and the draperies are handmade by the weavers down the road.

"My grandfather was a true pioneer and innovator in these mountains," says Jaramillo. "He was a master weaver, farmer, and carpenter." In a well-worn family diary, Jaramillo points with pride to an entry about a catalpa tree his grandfather planted in 1909. Today that tree towers almost fifty feet over the rancho providing shade for Chimayo diners.

The food, laden with Chimayo chile, is traditional New Mexican cuisine with a few additions dreamed up by the Jaramillos. Many visitors start their meals with the Chimayo Cocktail—a tall cooler made with authentic Mexican tequila, local apple cider, lemon, and crème de cassis, served with a slice of apple. Favorites include Chicken Chimayo, a parboiled and roasted fowl covered with hot chile and grated cheese. *Sopaipillas,* fried to perfection and served with bowls of honey, help diners nudge the native dishes onto forks.

On a warm evening as cowboys and ladies dripping in turquoise sit side by side before plates of fresh chile and carne, and virtuosos from the Santa Fe opera burst into song, Jaramillo pauses below the catalpa tree and smiles. "My only regret is that my grandfather can't be here to see all this," he says.

Jaramillo passes along the secrets of these specialties at Rancho de Chimayo.

Chile Caribe Sauce

Wash ½ lb. of dried, red chile pods, removing stems and seeds. Roast in warm oven (350°) 3 to 5 minutes, watching carefully to make sure the pods do not burn. Using your fingers or a blender, break up roasted chiles in small pieces and put in a bowl. Gradually blend 3 c. water with the chile, adding ¾ c. water at a time. Then add: ½ t. salt, ½ t. finely chopped onion, ¼ t. white pepper, ½ t. oregano, ½ t. garlic salt, and ¼ t. Worcestershire sauce. Boil over medium heat for about 20 minutes. Makes slightly over 3 c. of sauce—superb over softly fried or poached eggs as well as over pork chops.

Carne Adobada

Select 6 large pork chops, ½" to ¾" thick. Split each chop lengthwise, and spread open, butterfly fashion. (To avoid this step, ask your butcher to butterfly the chops.) Tenderize with a mallet. Pour Chile Caribe Sauce over chops and bake at 300° to 350° for 1½ hours. Serves 6.

Natilla

To prepare this delightful custard, heat 4 c. milk in the top of a double boiler until almost boiling. Remove milk from the stove. Add 8 egg yolks. Then blend in 1¼ t. vanilla and 3 T. cornstarch, and stir about 5 minutes. Strain mixture. In a separate bowl, beat 8 egg whites until stiff, gradually adding 2 c. sugar. Pour sweetened egg whites on top of custard and chill. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Serves 6.

Michael Wallis, *a Tulsa-based author, has dined at Rancho de Chimayo dozens of times. He always comes back for more.*

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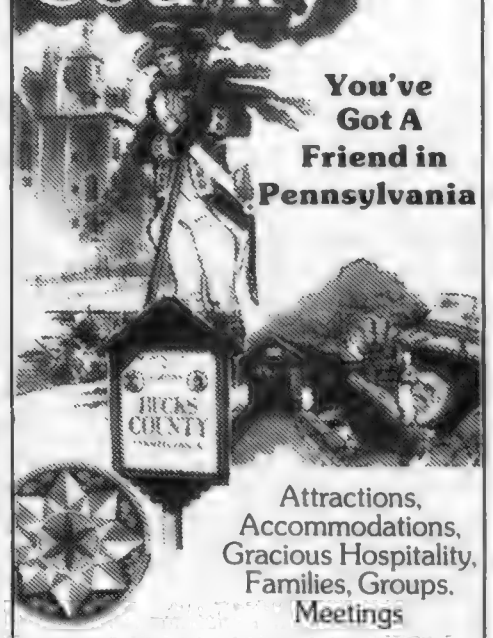

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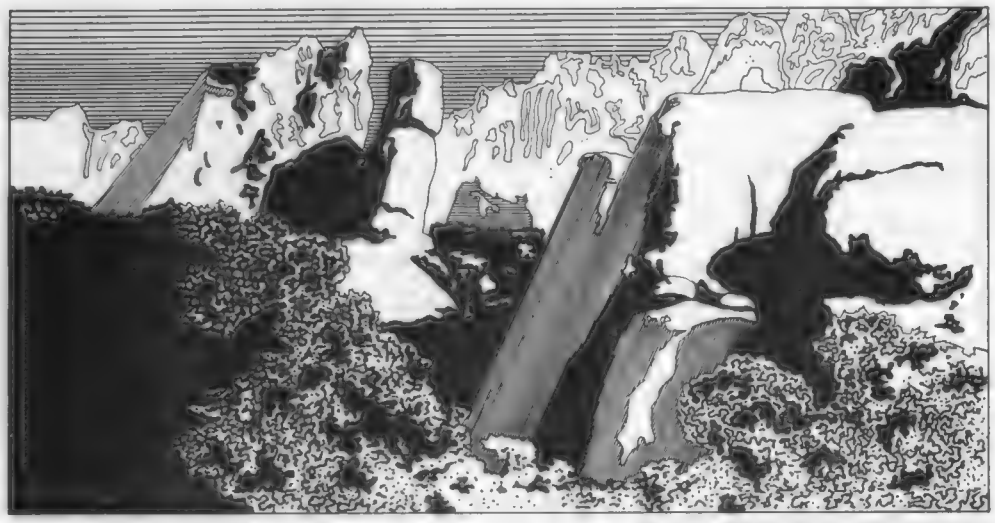

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY JUDITH BYRON OLIVIERI

Cochise Stronghold

Lost Apache Hideaway

by Peter Wild

Let me say straight off: I'm not one who prowls the churchyards of southeastern Arizona in hope of seeing ghosts. But that does not rule out a haunting experience now and then. Years ago, taking the enthusiastic advice of hiking friends, I nosed my battered pickup off Interstate 10 about eight miles west of Willcox, Arizona, and then followed the signs on U.S. 666 for twenty-seven miles, headed for the Cochise Stronghold in the Dragoon Mountains.

I knew little of the place's history beyond one vagrant tidbit. The range takes its name from the Third United States Cavalry, a troop of dragoons stationed in the area in the last century. Nothing strange in that. But as I drove across the grassy plain, I sensed ...well...a "presence" in the mountains ahead. Minute by minute, they loomed larger in the windshield. No doubt, part of my feeling was due to the abruptness of the oak-studded cliffs thrusting out of the surrounding, seemingly more docile, flats, but it intensified as I entered the mountains themselves, threading into a narrow canyon as if following the labyrinth into a tomb.

As I was to find out some months later, the place actually is a tomb, one of the most famous in the West. Somewhere in the jumbles of great rocks fallen into canyons, in the confusion of towers and domes, and the tangles of manzanita shrubs, lie the bones of Cochise.

Ranking up there with Geronimo and Mangas Coloradas as a fierce warrior chief, Cochise periodically charged out of this natural fortress with his band of Chiricahua Apaches to chill the blood of ranchers and lead the cursing cavalry on futile goose chases. Cochise died in 1874, and his braves, so the story goes, gave him a burial in full regalia. They lowered his body into a deep crevice with lariats and sent their hero to the otherworld accompanied by his horse, dog, and rifle.

Another account has it that, fearing vandalism by whites, the Indians buried their leader on a grassy mesa, then ran their horses back and forth over several acres to obliterate the grave site. In any case, Cochise is around here somewhere, and you begin to sense the frustration of folks who have tried to find him when you leave the pleasantly shaded Forest Service campground at the end of the road and start winding up through the mammoth boulders on the well-marked trail.

There is more to this area, though, than Indian lore. At these higher, wetter elevations grow madrones, cottonwoods, walnuts, and cypresses, making a welcome forest cover in contrast to the sparse desert just crossed. And keep an eye out for coatimundis, known locally as chulos. A winking rancher once described these quizzical creatures to me as half raccoon, half monkey. It's an apt portrait. As they grub about for lizards, their hooked tails move above the underbrush like furry question marks. A mile further on is Cochise Spring, sometimes dry but a grassy spot nevertheless and a good resting place. A twenty-minute stroll beyond is Half Moon Tank, a man-made cattle pond ringed by cattails and, in the warm months, hopping with frogs.

The climbing is hard now, but the best is still ahead. Soon the land opens into a boulder-strewn park with rock domes rising hundreds of feet on either side. You are in the heart of the Stronghold, Cochise's sanctum sanctorum. After the three-mile trek, most people stop here. They imagine the Apache wickiups of old and gaze at the network of crevices, possible hiding places in the cliffs around them. Then, admiring the forty-mile views across desert sweeps below, they head back down the trail. From the parking place, a leisurely round trip takes perhaps four hours.

But if the sun is not too low and you have a yen for less-traveled paths, keep following the trail west. The way gets a little rough as it drops off in a series of switchbacks. You are watching your footing now, not the scenery, but after nearly two miles of descent you come to the bottom. Standing in a broad, dry wash, you turn around. Towering above the grove of walnuts and sycamores are sheer cliffs and turrets, the most overpowering view of the Stronghold. General O. O. Howard traveled part of this route in 1872, penetrating the mountain fortress under a flag of truce to confer with Cochise about ending hostilities.

One old-timer reported that the Apaches stayed up all night asking the spirits for advice. In this lonely place you can imagine the fires against the rock slabs, the moving shadows of the trees, the General patiently waiting for his answer. It was "Yes."

But now the cliffs are turning pink and their crevices deepen as the sun swings down. Time to head back. However, years ago, when I was younger and braver, I yielded to the enchantment of the place and rolled out my sleeping bag. Above me the huge monoliths sparkled, the moon blazed on the sand of the stream bed, and an owl—was it Cochise?—hooted all the unnerving night long.

Peter Wild *is a contributing editor of* High Country News, *a newspaper covering environmental affairs in the Rocky Mountains.*

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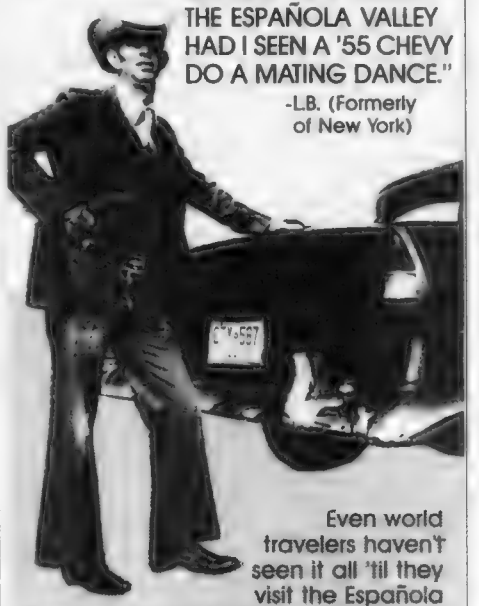

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Living portrait of the North American cowboy

Photographs and captions by Jay Dusard
Foreword by John Nichols

WE LIVE IN A FAST COUNTRY: FAST FOOD, FAST CARS—everybody in a hurry. We make things famous—like Shmoos, Hula Hoops, or Rubik's Cubes, then discard 'em in a wink of our jaundiced eyes. Our culture is always changing, sometimes (it seems) just for the sake of variety, of being different, of moving on. Our suburbs grow by seven-league leaps and uncontrollable bounds, but few of us truly know our neighbors anymore—we "push on" too often. And it has become real difficult to define our roots.

Then along comes a fellow like Jay Dusard, with his portraits of North American cowpunchers. Makes you pause a little, especially when you understand that this is contemporary stuff. Because at first these quiet, complex faces staring into the lens of his 8 x 10 view camera seem like old-fashioned, poignant souls resurrected from another century.

Turns out, though, that the folks depicted here all stopped whatever ranch chores they were doing to be recorded on film in the past few years. So apparently there's a whole bunch of people still out there driving cattle, branding calves, or trotting across sageland all day long on horseback, while jet planes leave contrails overhead on their way to Dallas, San Francisco, Vancouver, or Mexico City.

Yet these men and women are no anachronism. They are part of a clear strain of the American spirit that still has health and vigor: strong . . . independent . . . feisty as ever.

There's cold weather and hard country in their faces, in their scuffed boots and stained catch ropes, and in those worn leather gloves tucked into their belts. Thunder and autumn snowfalls drift through these portraits, right beside a vision of Alberta grasslands and Sonoran deserts. Also the redolent smell of coffee on early frosty mornings way out in the middle of nowhere. Too, many a campfire story and old revolutionary *corrido,* mingled with a coyote's asinine barking, are reflected off those tin cups and shaggy angora chaps.

The weathered boards of their barns and outbuildings, the sweat-bent and rain-battered brims of their hats all lay testimony to a continuity of land, and of the people who work it.

It's an ongoing, vital heritage we can all be proud of: that carefully tended saddle, the tools of a Magdalena, Sonora, bit- and spur-maker, a wild rag tied with a flourish around one buckaroo's neck. Something cool, touching, and indelible emanates from the way a young vaquero holds the rope-reins on his mount, and from how an old Spanish-speaking cook sits proudly beside his antique Majestic wood stove. And only love, courage, and grandiose landscape shine from a cow-skull tacked over the doorway of a real hand-hewn cabin, or from the clean gaze of an older person wearing chaps who has spent all her life in ranching.

Jay Dusard has no interest in capturing a dying way of life. All these workers exist, right here and right now, and they will go on functioning for a while, on spreads like the Bell Ranch in New Mexico, the Maggie Creek Ranch of Nevada, the Rancho Noria Nueva down in Chihuahua, and the Douglas Lake Cattle Company up in British Columbia.

According to Dusard: "As long as people eat beef, and we have some open range left in the West, there will still be a need for a man on horseback who knows what he is doing."

A man.

And a woman.

And a deep emotional attachment to that open range.

It's all visible in these extraordinarily detailed portraits by a man who has an obvious love of his subject matter, and great skills both behind the camera and in the darkroom.

The people, quite simply, are beautiful: and so are their likenesses—both spiritually and technically.

Dusard himself ain't half-bad on that open range, either. He's a free spirit who loves to ramble, slap a saddle onto a good horse, help the crew get it all under control by nightfall, and then lie quietly in a bedroll underneath the stars.

In fact, the man can seem so darn authentic it's hard to imagine the other side of him that spends countless hours in a dark alchemist's womb painstakingly "making" his pictures

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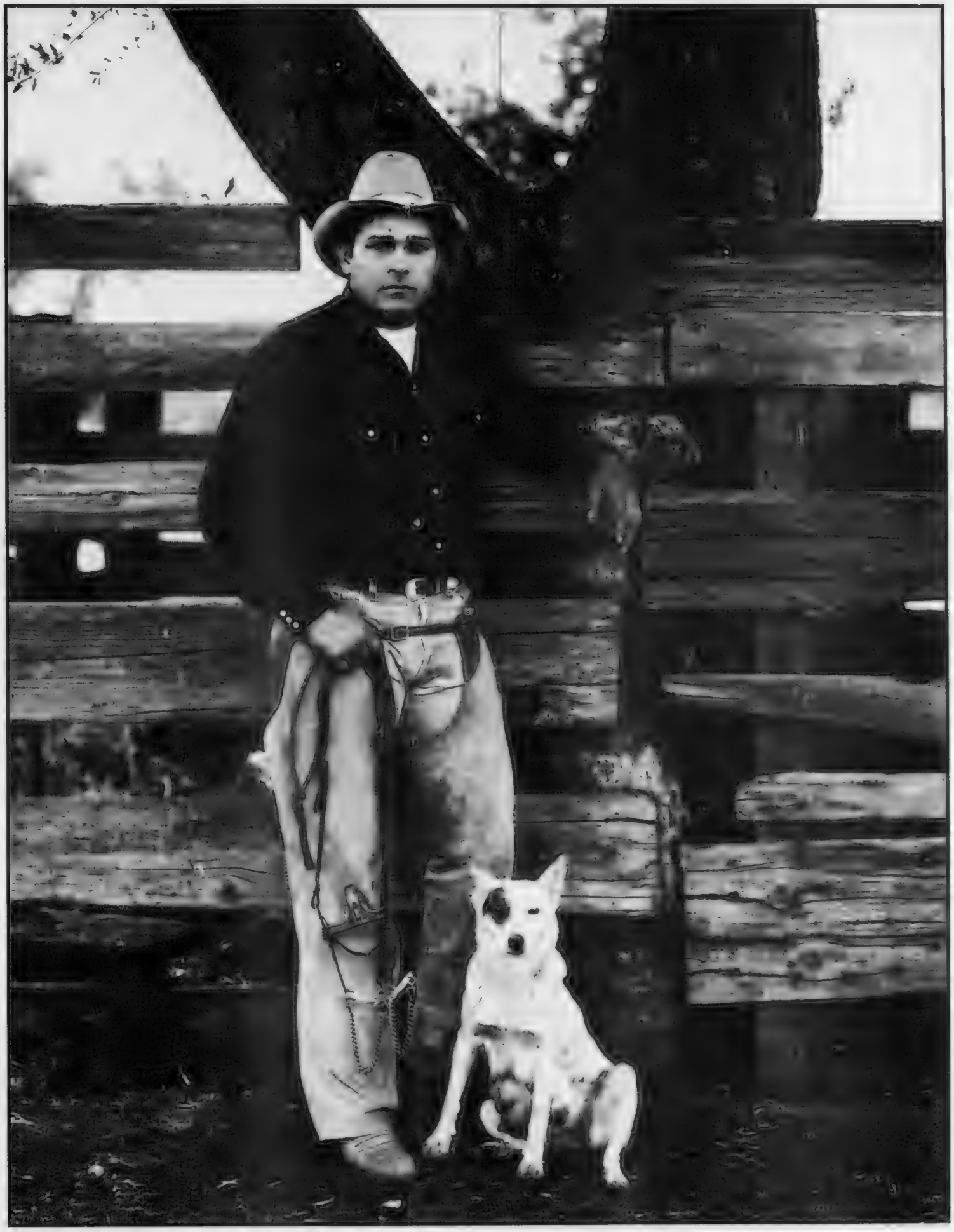
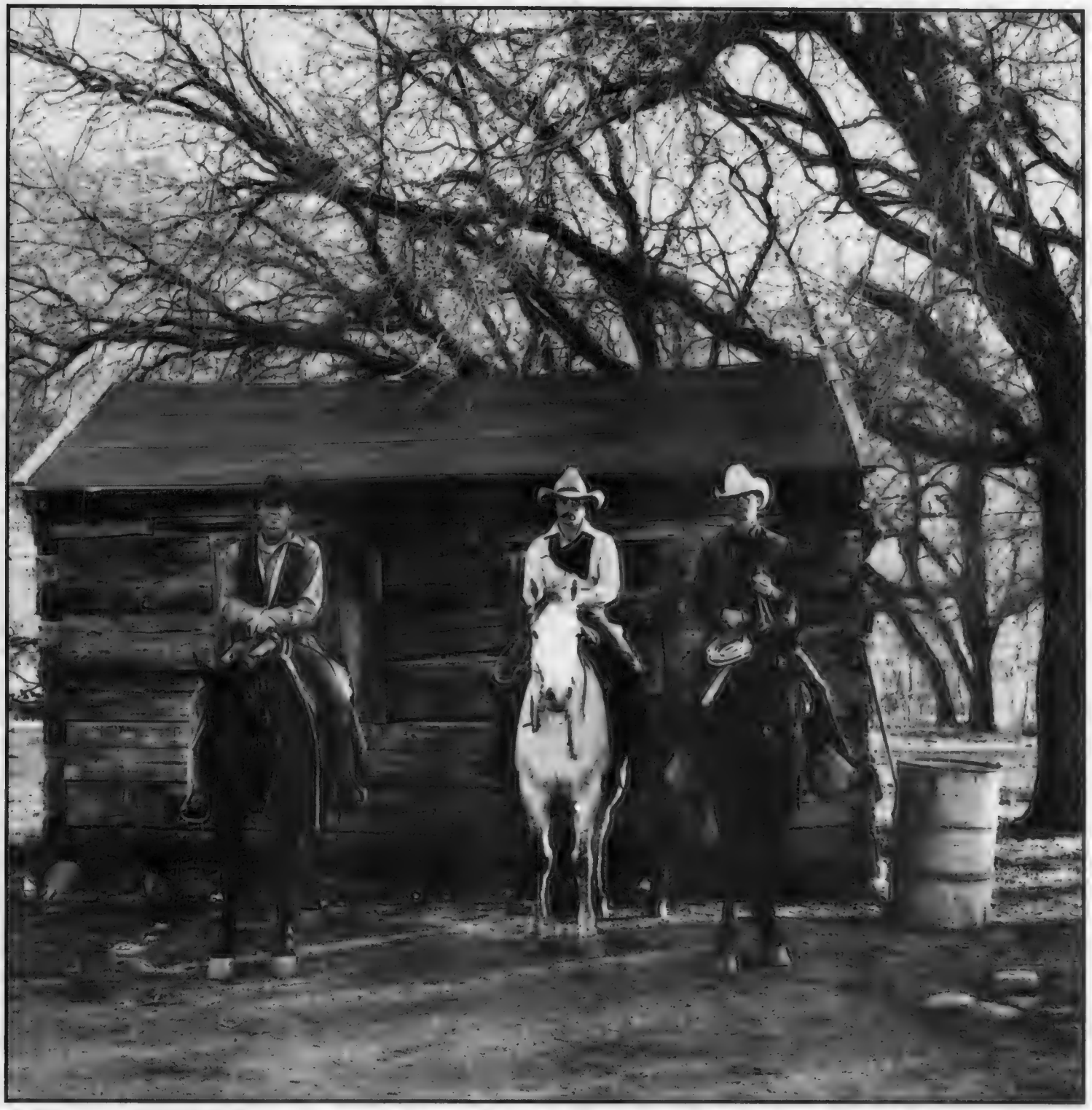


Gary Meyers, Santa Rosa Reservation, California, 1981

Julie Hagen, Wagstaff Land & Cattle Co., Wyoming, 1981

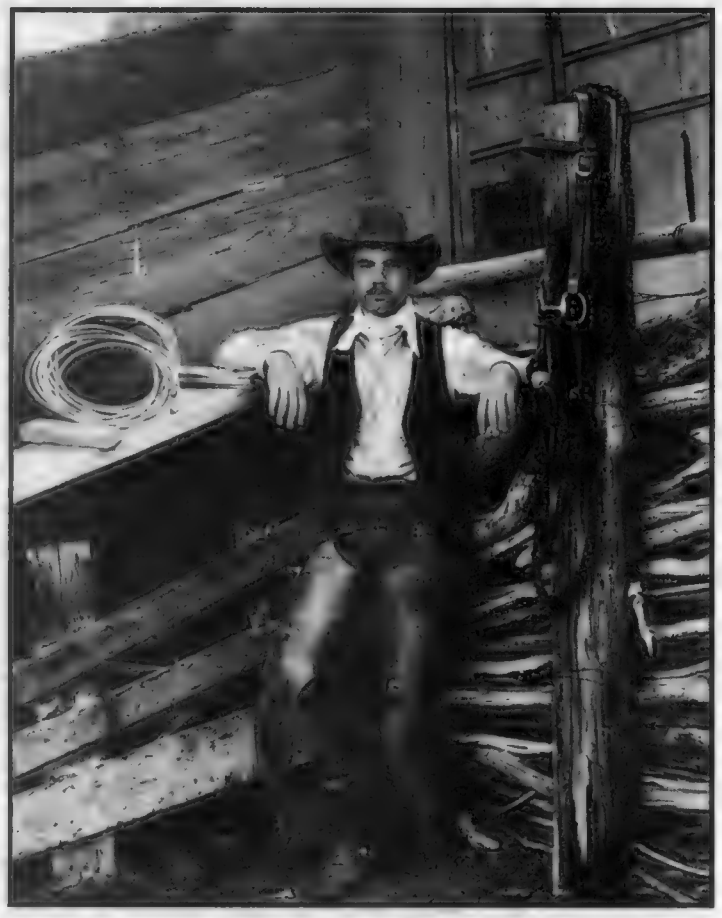


Bill Moorhouse, Jimmy Jarrell, and Jeff Shipp, ORO Ranch, Arizona, 1980

(Opposite) *A log line-camp cabin, so characteristic of the northern ranges, is this cowgirl's home each summer season while she looks after about six hundred cows and calves on a national forest allotment.*

(Above) *Jigger boss Moorhouse—second-in-command to the wagon boss—and two of his cowboys paused for a portrait-sitting in front of a 120-year-old log cabin. At this place called Oaks and Willows, the cabin was once a way-station for soldiers, and later teamsters and stagecoach passengers, on the historic Hardyville Road between Fort Whipple and Fort Mohave on the Colorado River. Every spring and fall the ORO's motorized "wagon," with about a dozen cow-punchers and a* remuda *of more than a hundred horses, takes to the field in what is still the most practical and economical way to work the outfit's expansive ranges.*

Alaire and Lyman Tenney, Ash Creek Ranch, Arizona, 1981



Bert Paris, Buffalo Ranch, Nevada, 1982

(Above left) *I remember hearing about the Tenneys when I moved to Arizona twenty years ago, but I didn't get to know them until after they returned from their adventurous years of cattle and horse ranching in Australia. I've had some fine times cowboying with Lyman and Alaire at Ash Creek; however this portrait was made on a rare day-off they had taken from running the ranch.*

(Above right) *Of Basque descent, this young buckaroo took time off from his father's ranch to work during the spring branding season for Joe and Pete Marvel's outfit in the Buffalo Valley of northern Nevada. Quite a hand with leather, Bert made the rawhide hondo for his nylon catch-rope as well as his chinks--the short leggings so popular among riders of the Great Basin region.*

(Opposite) *Rancher Joe Marvel devoted a year of relentless rodeoing to become the 1978 professional World's Champion saddle bronc rider. Now he's happier at home on the desert cow-outfit he and brother Pete run in northern Nevada's Buffalo Valley.*

Sam, Patrice, Joe, and MaryAlice Marvel, Buffalo Ranch, Nevada, 1982

Ramón Valenzuela, Ricardo Quintana, and Jesús Lasoltas, Rancho San Francisco, Chihuahua, 1983

(Above) Mayordomo *(ranch manager) Quintana and two vaqueros interrupted their work to pose for my gringo camera. Valenzuela proudly displays a braided rawhide* reata *of his own making.*

(Opposite) *After a day of working cattle, wagon boss Ancell and three of his cowboys relax at the headquarters horse corral. Pants tucked inside high-topped boots is the prevailing style of working cowboys in the Texas panhandle and eastern New Mexico.*

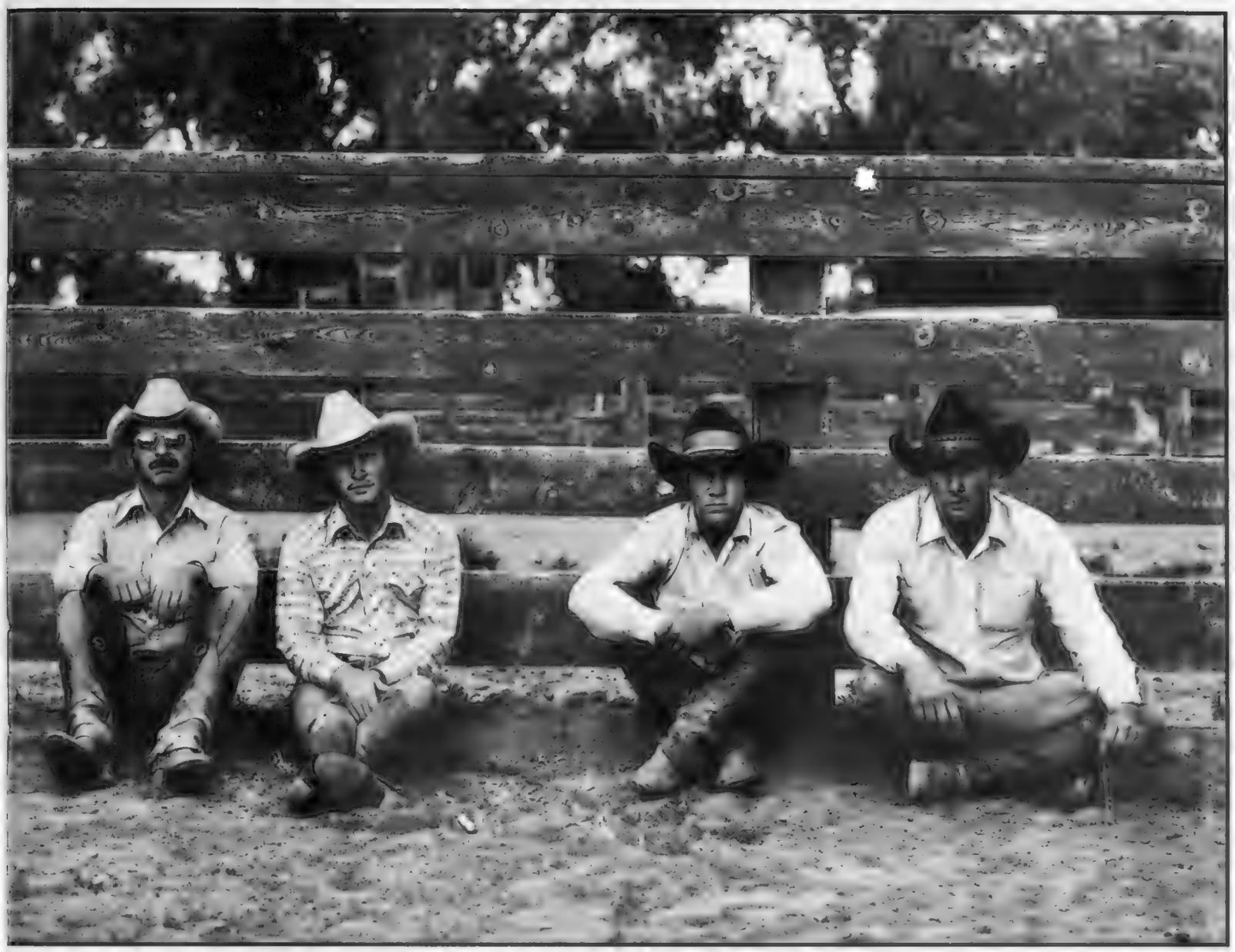
long after the shutter has clicked.

The care given to each eloquent photograph is unique. The dignity of the subjects, coupled with Dusard's thoughtful enhancement of hundreds of formal little details, make for a mood of permanence that cannot ever be erased.

In their eyes, in their stance upon this earth or astride a horse, is all that you ever might care to express about the Western mood. Songs like "Little Joe The Wrangler" and "Allá en el Rancho Grande," cattle grazing at sunup, a chuckwagon ready to serve up the noonday grub....

Toward the end of his book *The Ranchers* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1980), Stan Steiner put it like this:

> One thing that ranchers seemed to have in common...was a sense of place, a place on earth. It was not so much that they owned a place on earth...but that the place on earth they owned was where their ancestors were



Mick Dunn, Marshall Walls, Sam McDonald, and Bert Ancell, Bell Ranch, New Mexico, 1981

buried, where they grew up and would die, where their children were born.

They were part of that earth. And their feeling came from more than simply owning, buying, and selling the earth. It went deeper.

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And they go deeper.

John Nichols *is author of The New Mexico Trilogy, which includes* The Milagro Beanfield War, The Magic Journey, *and* The Nirvana Blues. *He has also published three other novels and two nonfiction books.*

Jay Dusard *is an architect, army vet, working cowboy, and professional photographer. In 1981 he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship to do a series of view-camera portraits of working cowboys from Canada to Mexico. His book* The North American Cowboy: A Portrait *is scheduled for publication in September 1983 by Consortium Press, P.O. Box 1549, Prescott, Arizona 86302.*

Wyoming winds blow to light up the Rockies

Medicine Bow turbines yield electrical energy

by June Schrib

In the feature on windmills in our March/April 1983 issue ("Catching the Western Winds" by Volta Torrey), we told our readers about a wind-energy conversion system that would "undergo testing near Medicine Bow, Wyoming." Author June Schrib gives an up-to-date, on-site report about the operation of this system.

IN HIS WESTERN NOVEL *THE VIRGINIAN*, OWEN WISTER called Medicine Bow, Wyoming, a town "strewn there by the wind." Near that same Medicine Bow, the Bureau of Reclamation is now making wind appropriately productive for the space age. Two wind-powered turbine generators reaching nearly 400 feet above the Wyoming prairie, five miles south of Wister's windy town, have been constructed by the Hamilton Standard Company of Windsor Locks, Connecticut, and the Boeing Aircraft Company, under contract to the Bureau. These giant turbines went into operation during September of 1982; they were officially turned over to the Bureau last January.

Years of concentrated research preceded the building of the turbines. As oil became more scarce and expensive in the mid-1970s, the Bureau of Reclamation cast about for other energy sources to create electricity and undertook the study of wind power. First they searched for the place where the wind blew most often. Researchers spent a great deal of time verifying Medicine Bow's windy reputation and finally settled on a 600-square-mile area in a C-shaped bowl between the Laramie, Medicine Bow, and Shirley mountain ranges.

In 1977 the Bureau installed wind-measuring instruments at several sites in the area, and in 1978 erected a 200-foot-tower (later raised to 360 feet) equipped to measure wind at three elevations on a site five miles southwest of Medicine Bow.

Greasewood Flats, located seventeen miles northeast of the town, was chosen as the probable location for a larger wind farm. Data gathered by the Bureau indicate that the average windspeed for each site exceeds twenty miles per hour at 200 feet above the ground. This velocity is more than enough for efficient wind generators. One advantage of the Medicine Bow winds is that they blow more between 10:00 A.M. and 10:00 P.M. than during any other time. These are the hours when electrical demand is at its peak.

An investigation of the environment indicates that construction of up to five test turbines would have no significant

On the Wyoming plain south of Medicine Bow, a wind-powered turbine generator built by the Hamilton Standard Company rises 400 feet toward the sky. In size and output it far surpasses its older counterpart that faithfully served prairie farms.

adverse effect on the herds of antelope, sparse grasses and sagebrush, and the hardy ranchers and town residents nearby.

The Western welcome staged last September at the dedication of the turbines indicated that the people there saw no adverse effects. Governor Ed Herschler and Senator Malcolm Wallup gave the event a genuine state endorsement. The date, September 4, was exactly 100 years after the first use of electrical energy in New York City. If more large wind machines go into service within the next few years, some increase in population and employment around Medicine Bow will result, but there will be no boom-and-bust economy, as other Wyoming towns have experienced.

When the turbine built by Hamilton Standard division of United Technologies passed its tests and was accepted by the Bureau of Reclamation, it could deliver 4.8 megawatts of sustained power. The second generator, Boeing's MOD-2, can create 2.5 megawatts; together they can provide enough power to meet the demands of 3,000 homes. Installation of large-scale wind turbines that could produce up to 15 billion kilowatt hours of electricity (an amount equal to the energy created by 25 billion barrels of oil) is a possibility, according to the Bureau.

The power thus generated has many advantages over others now in use or being considered. No foreign cartel can control the source or the cost of the inexhaustible supply of wind. No toxic waste dumps result from the use of wind power. The rush of air continues to purify itself, and no pollution results. There is no danger of a melt-down of equipment that would threaten life and environment, as is possible with atomic generators.

But what if the wind does not blow? The biggest disadvantage of wind power has always been that it is sporadic and undependable. Any prairie farmwife of the late 1930s, when "windchargers" were a limited source of electricity, will tell you, "I couldn't iron on a still day." Power was generated and used directly because a small battery was the only means of storage.

This disadvantage is being neatly overcome by the system of power delivery from the present turbines. Their power is not used to serve homes in the nearby area; rather it is sent into "the grid" to flow along with electricity from hydroelectric plants in the Colorado River Storage Project. When the wind stops blowing, the slack is taken up by hydroelectric power. Reservoirs behind such dams as Flaming Gorge and Glen Canyon serve as huge "energy batteries" storing potential power while the wind is blowing and generating hydro-electric power when the wind stops. One purpose of the first units in the Medicine Bow area is to test the possibility of the wind/hydro tieup.

When a line of 250-foot towers topped by propellers, stands north of Medicine Bow and generates as much as ten percent of the power needs of the Rocky Mountain region, the little town may become famous as the wind-power center of the United States as well as the setting for a classic Western novel about a Southerner turned cowboy.

June Schrib *is a free-lance writer living in Laramie, Wyoming.*

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Tom Jeffords, friend of Cochise

A hero scorned in his time

by C. L. Sonnichsen

IN 1867 TALL, RED-BEARDED CAPTAIN THOMAS JEFFERSON Jeffords, a New York Stater who had come west before the Civil War, was the mail contractor for the route between Mesilla on the Rio Grande and his headquarters at the adobe village of Tucson in Arizona Territory. He had experienced some successes in his thirty-five years—as a ship's captain on the Great Lakes, as an army scout and courier for the Union forces in Arizona and New Mexico territories, and as an Indian trader (he spoke some Apache), but the mail business was turning out to be a disaster. Since 1862 the Chiricahua Apaches, led by Chief Cochise, had prowled the 300 miles of uninhabited desert between the two towns, killing most of the unescorted white men who attempted the crossing. Cochise had many grievances against the white eyes and was exacting a terrible revenge. The mail riders took every precaution, but many of them left their bones beside the trail. Jeffords paid well—$125 a month—and he found many reckless young men ready to risk their lives, but the casualty rate was appallingly high. Cochise "had killed twenty-one men to my knowledge," Jeffords reported, "fourteen of whom were in my employ."

Something had to be done, and Tom Jeffords did what no other man would have been brave enough or foolish enough to do. He went calling on Cochise. "I made up my mind that I would go to see him.... Having been advised that Cochise would be at a certain place at a certain time, I went into his camp alone, fully armed. After meeting him, I told him I was there to talk to him personally, and that I wished to leave my arms in his possession...to be returned to me in a couple of days."

The great chief, Jeffords said, "seemed to be surprised." He was, in fact, so astonished and impressed by this intrepid white man that he made him welcome. He "consented to my proposition, took possession of my arms, and I spent two or three days with him discussing affairs with him and sizing him up." Friendship and mutual admiration were the result. "I found him to be a man of great natural ability, a splendid specimen of physical manhood, standing about six feet two, with an eye like an eagle. This was the commencement of my friendship with Cochise, and although I was frequently compelled to guide troops against him, it never interfered with our friendship. He respected me and I respected him. He was a man who scorned a liar, was always truthful in all things. His religion was truth and loyalty. My name with Cochise was Chickasaw or brother."

The historic conference had two results. First, Jeffords's mail riders went through unmolested and, second, the bond between the two men passed into legend. It was believed that they had become blood brothers through "the intermingling and supping of blood from each other's arms." Jeffords himself never mentioned such a ceremony, and his old acquaintances said only that he and Cochise were "great friends." The story was too good to be doubted, however, and by the time Jeffords died forty years later, it was generally accepted as true.

All this happened at a time when the Apaches in Arizona were most feared and hated. It was almost unthinkable that any white man would fraternize with them. Many citizens undoubtedly felt as rancher William Ohnesorgen did when in an interview in 1926 he described Jeffords as "a no-good filthy fellow—filthy in his way of living—lived right among those damn things...was a blood brother or something of Cochise. He wasn't very bright." It was nearly impossible for Jeffords's contemporaries to appreciate his achievement in bridging the gap between the races.

Cochise's hostility toward the rest of the whites continued until 1872, when pious General O. O. Howard came to Arizona as a peace commissioner on orders from President Grant to try to end the Apache troubles. Cochise, of course, was the key, and Tom Jeffords was the only man who could arrange a meeting. Tom agreed to act as guide but, he said, "You must not take any soldiers." The general put himself in Tom's hands, and they disappeared into the wilderness, turning up a few days later at a favorite campground in the Dragoon Mountains still called Cochise's Stronghold. Howard's account says that Cochise "threw his arms about Jeffords and embraced him, first on one side, then on the other."

When the great consultation was over, Howard had promised the Apaches a reservation in their homeland and Cochise had agreed to stop the killing. He made only one condition:

After eventful years as army scout, mail contractor, and Indian agent, Tom Jeffords became a recluse at his home north of Tucson in Arizona Territory. He is pictured here at his place near the Owls Heads shortly before his death in 1914.

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In his vigorous forties, Indian Agent Tom Jeffords was a friend of Apache Chief Cochise and the only white man able to arrange peace between Apaches and Americans. His unusual accomplishments in Indian relations were not appreciated by his contemporaries. Though Jeffords was a rough, hard-drinking bachelor with no interest in the feminine sex, he has been romanticized in books and movies as a typical, clean-cut Western hero, attractive to women.

Jeffords must be the agent on the new reservation. Tom agreed—unwillingly, according to his own account—and for the next four years, backed by Cochise, he kept his Indian charges in line. With Cochise's death in 1874, however, the picture changed. Two white men (who had been selling whiskey) were killed on the reservation, and to make matters worse, reports came out of Mexico that Apache bands were raiding. Jeffords said they were not his Indians, but he got the blame. John Wasson of the *Tucson Citizen* joined the hue and cry, calling Jeffords a murderer and "an incarnate demon." When Jeffords replied, Wasson refused to print his letter. Influential people wanted the Apaches out of Arizona, and in 1876 Jeffords was removed from office, his charges were taken to the San Carlos Agency near Globe, and eventually most of them went into exile in Florida. All that Jeffords had accomplished was nullified, and he was left to face a world that gave him only grudging respect.

In 1892 Jeffords left that world behind and built himself a small house in rough country north of Tucson, where he had some mining claims, and lived a hermit's life there until his death in 1914, coming in at long intervals to pick up the threads of old acquaintance. The Arizona Pioneers Historical Society, of which he had become a charter member in 1884, gave him a fine funeral and then forgot him. His story was so unusual, however, that his legend grew, and in 1947 Elliott Arnold published his classic novel *Blood Brother* with Tom and Cochise as the central characters. Jeffords, as might have been expected, was transformed into the hero of a standard "western," fast with a six-shooter and attractive to women, including an Apache girl whom he married and lost, although in real life he was a bachelor who never showed the least interest in women. In 1951 the motion picture *Broken Arrow*, with Jimmy Stewart as Jeffords and Jeff Chandler as Cochise, followed the same pattern.

Arnold broke new ground in his novel when he made Jeffords a spokesman for the movement, just getting under way, that idealized Indian life-styles and downgraded white "civilization"—a movement that produced such partisan tracts as *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* and *Custer Died for Your Sins*. Jeffords would surely have been surprised to find himself expressing such views. A clue to his real feelings may be found in a statement by his old pioneer friend George Oakes: "He always went 'heeled' when Cochise was around, because the Apaches had a saying, 'Anybody can kill an enemy, but it takes a brave man to kill a friend.' He never turned his back on that fellow." Oakes may not have been trustworthy, but Jeffords could not have escaped entirely the attitudes of his time and place. It is to his eternal credit that he accepted his Apache friends without prejudice before it was safe to do so, and that their greatest leader called him Brother.

C. L. Sonnichsen *is Senior Editor of* The Journal of Arizona History *and is a member of the Editorial Board of* AMERICAN WEST. *He has written numerous books and articles relating to Western history.*

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Jewish Conquistadors

DETAIL OF DIEGO RIVERA MURAL, PALACIO NACIONAL, MEXICO CITY. PHOTO BY GEOFFREY BIDDLE

America's first cowboys?

by Stan Steiner

ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF MEXICO WHERE HE LANDED with his armored soldiers and horsemen, Cortez unfurled the banners of the Spanish emperor and implanted the Holy Cross of Christ on the beach underneath the palm trees claiming all the land in the name of Charles V, his Sacred Majesty, the Potent Prince, the Most High and Excellent Emperor of the Realm, and the King of Spain. By his side stood his friend and fellow conquistador, Hernando Alonso, a Jew.

Of those who came with Cortez there were six known Jewish conquistadors. There were undoubtedly many more, but these six were known by name to the Holy Inquisition. Less than a decade after they had charged across the land with swords drawn and conquered Mexico in the name of Spain, two of these Jewish conquistadors had been burned at the stake, fallen heroes.

(Left) *This detail of a mural by the great Mexican artist Diego Rivera (1886–1957) tells a dramatic story of conflict, conquest, and change as Spanish forces subdue the land and the peoples of Mexico. Horses, livestock, armor, and spears are among the emblems of the conquistadors' power in this energetic work at the Palacio Nacional in Mexico City. While subjugated natives toil in the background, a coin is handed to the richly dressed Spaniard at lower left, possibly Cortez.*
(Above) *Another bold mural by Rivera at the Palacio Nacional includes this portrait of Spanish soldiers eyeing a trinket of gold.*

DETAIL OF DIEGO RIVERA MURAL, PALACIO NACIONAL, MEXICO CITY. PHOTO BY GEOFFREY BIDDLE

The saga of these exiled Spanish Jews is one of the most exciting in the history of horsemanship.

(Above) *The conquistadors who landed in Veracruz with Cortez in the early sixteenth century included exiled Spanish Jews, knowledgeable in the ways of horse breeding and cattle ranching. This map shows the lands they explored and settled such as Actopan, the site of Hernando Alonso's prosperous cattle ranch; the royal land grant of Nuevo Leon, where more than one hundred Jewish families founded ranching operations; and Monclova, which became a breeding ground for the long-horned cattle and mustangs of northern Mexico and southwestern Texas.* (Opposite) *Muralist Diego Rivera captures Hernando Cortez surging into battle on a white horse, his spear poised to slay any poorly armed Indian in his path. This battle scene is a detail of a large mural portraying the history of Mexico, which graces one of the main staircases at the Palacio Nacional.*

One of those who was burned alive was Hernando Alonso. He died on October 17, 1528.

In spite of his fame and wealth no one could save him. His brother-in-law, Diego de Ordaz, was not only a fellow conquistador and a rancher second only to Cortez, but was the representative of Governor Velasquez of Cuba; he was therefore a man of great power at the court. In spite of his efforts on Alonso's behalf, a heroic Jew was nonetheless a Jew, and so he died.

The Jewish conquistador who marched beside Cortez was more than a conquistador. He was not just a conqueror, he was also a settler on the land—a horse rancher. And he was, perhaps, the first Jewish cowboy in America.

Eighty miles north of Mexico City, at the town of Actopan, Hernando Alonso established a cattle ranch, one of the first in Mexico, and there he raised cattle and supplied meats to the city. There, too, he bred what may have been the first foals born in the Americas. He was one of the earliest known ranchers in the New World, and his ranch grew large and prosperous.

Many of the first European ranchers, cattle growers, and horse breeders in Mexico were Jews. The raising of livestock was not unfamiliar to the Spanish Jews, and since most of the conquistadors in the Cortez expedition were not interested in ranching—Cortez said disdainfully that he had not come to America "to work with his hands"—it fell to others to raise the livestock. And for the Jews who were in the land illegally—the Spanish laws prohibited any Jews traveling to the Americas—it may have seemed a safe and inconspicuous way of living. They came to hide from the laws. And once in America they disguised themselves as ranchers, something the Spaniards tolerated, at first, since they needed meat and grain as they themselves searched for treasure.

Even if the Jewish conquistadors had found gold, they could not have taken it out of the land. They could not return to Spain. And so ranching became a quiet refuge for these exiled Jews, who were the first cattlemen of Mexico and helped introduce cattle ranching into the American West.

They are the most forgotten and ignored of the dark and dashing horsemen, which is unfortunate, for their saga is one of the most exciting and significant in the history of horsemanship.

One of the largest of the cattle ranches in Mexico, Nuevo Leon, was established by Jewish conquistadors near Panuco on the Gulf coast in late 1579. In that forsaken region, two hundred miles from Mexico City, twice as far north as the Alonso ranch had been, more than one hundred Jewish families settled and founded a vast ranching operation.

Far from those intrigues and conflicts in Mexico City, these settlers probably thought they would be beyond the reach of the Holy Inquisition. That may have been one of the reasons Philip II of Spain granted them the land called Nuevo Leon—to isolate these Jewish exiles away from the Mexican capital.

Nuevo Leon was one of the largest royal land grants ever given by the king. It ran from the Panuco River northward across the Rio Grande, known then as the River of the

DETAIL OF DIEGO RIVERA MURAL, PALACIO NACIONAL, MEXICO CITY. PHOTO BY GEOFFREY BIDDLE

Palms, onto the plains of west Texas, to the site of the present-day city of San Antonio—six hundred miles!

On May 31, 1579, the royal charter for Nuevo Leon was drawn up by Antonio Perez, the secretary to the king. Perez at that time served as the alter ego and, some said, the Machiavelli of courtly Philip, who signed it in the name of "God and me," as he liked to say.

The "empire within an empire" was given to the *hidalgo* don Luis de Carvajal y de la Cueva, who was to be its Governor General. He came from an old and distinguished family....

IN THE AMERICAS, THE WORLD OF THE RENAISSANCE palaces and courtly trading houses seemed as distant as the stars. The lizards slid up and down the walls of their mud houses, and snakes lay coiled beneath their beds. And to a certain degree these wealthy Jews were going to have to live like Indians.

Panuco was no promised land. It too had its terrors. The forest beyond the beach was dark with real and imagined dangers. Not only were there the small, sleek cats, the ocelots and lynxs, but also the frightening jaguars and pumas.

In the dense growth of vines and ferns the darkness was almost impenetrable, even in broad day. And in that subterranean world there lurked poisonous snakes and vampire bats that awaited an unwary traveler. The forest was treacherous and deceptive; it enticed the romantic with a display of incredible beauty and then entrapped him like an animal. So, the land conquered its conquerors.

Life was hard in paradise; it was "an uncomfortable and hot place," one settler wrote. And it was "full of mosquitos." The disillusioned Jews even had to walk "barefoot."

None of this was very new to don Carvajal, though; he came to the Indies in 1566 and gained some small reputation as a naval captain who had "fought against the Indians," though there is no record of his having done so. In any event, he had the proper credentials for a conquistador.

A man of dignity and courage, don Carvajal personally led the settlers to their royally promised land. He had, after all, financed the expedition largely by himself, as was the common practice of those given royal grants. The generous king gave them a beautiful piece of paper saying a part of the earth was theirs, but the rest was up to them....

Many, if not most, of the families of those conquistadors who came with don Carvajal were publicly and openly Jewish. They were "unrepentant" as the historian Leslie Bird Simpson writes, and the Holy Inquisition was to confirm this. For they were a people obstinate in their beliefs as well as in their pioneering spirits of survival.

Some of these reluctant Jewish conquistadors may have been swordsmen and horsemen in Europe. In Mexico they all had to be—they had to defend themselves against their fellow conquistadors as well as the Indians.

Ever since the Spaniards had come to Panuco they had fought one another for its possession. The town was no more than a few mud huts, but its harbor was one of the finest on the Gulf coast. The remnants of the DeSoto expedition had sought refuge there, as had the expedition of Grijalva in 1517, whose report of Indian gold inspired Cortez to sail in search of treasure, a voyage that began the conquest of Mexico. One of the first lands that Cortez claimed as his own was Panuco.

Of all the slave estates that Cortez founded, few produced greater revenue in gold and cloth than Panuco. The tributes seized from the Indian tribes of the area alone amounted to five thousand gold pesos a year. These tribes also became the sources of the slaves who were forced to work on Cortez's estates....

Some of the settlers were understandably dissatisfied with life at Panuco. The unrelenting heat and unending tropical rain of the river delta made them restless and disconsolate; they felt the atmosphere was oppressive.

And so the bolder of the Jews decided to abandon Panuco. They headed north into the mountains of Zacatecas and across the arid lands of Coahuila. In the Tarahumara Indian country they founded a ranching settlement of Monclova, south of the Rio Grande; it was the first ranch in the territory that was to become a breeding ground for the long-horned cattle and mustangs of northern Mexico and southwestern Texas.

Pioneers on the frontiers of Nuevo Leon in the 1590s, these ranchers who headed north then disappeared into history. Even their names are now forgotten. They left no memoirs. They kept few records.

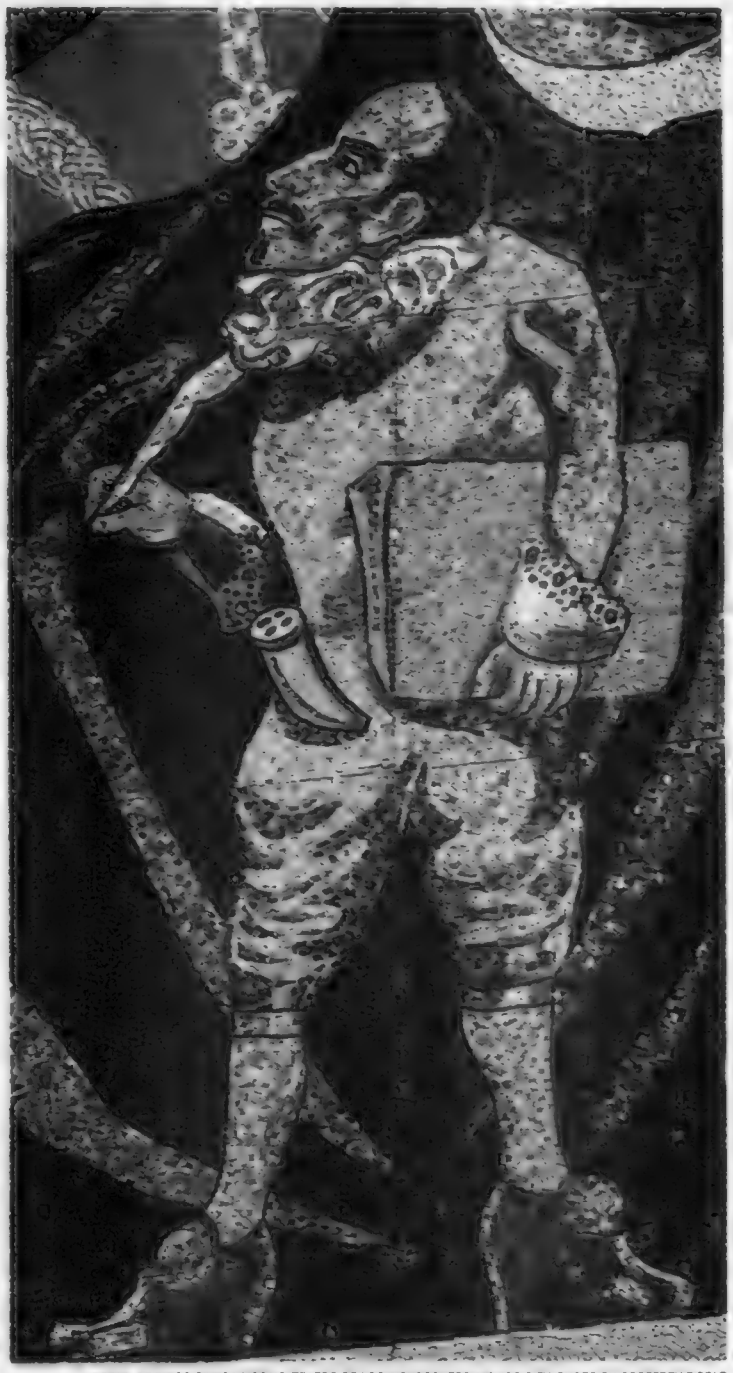
Nothing is known of their explorations. If some may have reached the Rio Grande, as was likely, and crossed over into present-day Texas, there is evidence neither to confirm nor deny it. All that is known is that some adventurous Jews on horseback from the colony of Panuco rode north at the end of the sixteenth century, settled in Monclova, set up a cattle ranch, and then vanished from known history.

"Brave, daring, high-spirited" men and women, the Mexican historian Alfonso Toro calls them, belonging to "the hidalgo class"—somewhat of a romantic view. And yet, these Jewish conquistadors did live by "force of arms" in much the same manner of any settler in Mexico of the day; they were scholarly soldiers and Hebraic horsemen. "They were half merchants and half men-at-arms, who conquered the Indians in order to despoil them of their goods and to enslave them, who developed mines, and founded cattle ranches," Toro writes.

ON THE COASTS AND THE PLAINS OF NORTHEAST MEXICO a new era had begun. And the cattle ranches of the Jewish conquistadors and cowboys in the expedition of don Carvajal were harbingers of a new way of life in what would become the America West. The "conquest of Nuevo Leon

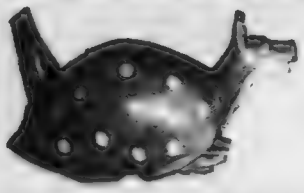
DETAIL OF DIEGO RIVERA MOSAIC, TEATRO DE LOS INSURGENTES, MEXICO CITY. PHOTO BY GEOFFREY BIDDLE

Jewish conquistadors may be the missing link that illuminates the story of Western ranching.



DETAIL OF DIEGO RIVERA MOSAIC, TEATRO DE LOS INSURGENTES, MEXICO CITY. PHOTO BY GEOFFREY BIDDLE

(Opposite) *Fiery colors and intricate design enliven this detail of a Diego Rivera mosaic in the Teatro de los Insurgentes in Mexico City. Vulgarly caricatured by the artist, Cortez, left, faces the Indian princess Malinche, far right, who is clothed in European finery as mistress and interpreter to the conqueror. These figures of wealth and authority contrast sharply with the kneeling form of an Indian captive, bound by the wrists at lower right.* (Above) *Rivera's rich mosaic at the Teatro de los Insurgentes also portrays this white-ruffed gentleman, eager to tally every tribute owed to the Spanish crown.*



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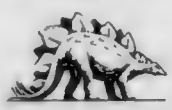

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was the most successful ever undertaken by New Spain,'' Simpson writes; ''it transformed that remote corner of the kingdom into an orderly and prosperous community.''

In spite of or perhaps because of his success, Governor Carvajal was arrested by the Inquisition. He was accused of being a ''secret Jew.''

The secretary to the king, Antonio Perez, had himself been accused of being a Jew. He had fled from the court of Spain and gone into hiding. Philip II ordered an investigation to find proof of Perez's heresy, and the royal charter to don Carvajal was presented as evidence.

Carvajal was then charged with ''observing the Law of Moses.'' His grandmother, his mother, his wife, his sister, and her entire family were ''apostates of the Holy Catholic faith,'' said the Inquisitor, Dr. Lobo (Spanish for ''wolf'') Guerrero, and don Carvajal had been their ''aider, abetter, harborer and concealer.'' If he did not confess it was recommended that he be ''put to torture.''

One of the reluctant conquistadoras who had refused to sail with him had been his wife, doña Guiomar de Ribera. She was ''a Jewess, but never had revealed that fact to her husband.'' If don Carvajal was naive about his wife's religious faith, he could not have been as ignorant about his sister's. She had been given in marriage at the age of twelve to a devout Portuguese Jew, Rodriguez de Matos. And when tortured on the rack by the fourth turn of the wheels—''Naked, covered with blood, defeated, she kneeled on the floor'' and confessed; she was a Jew, so was her sister, the Governor's wife, and all of her family.

I believe and adore the Law of Moses, and not Jesus Christ. Have mercy on me, for I have told you the whole truth. I die! Oh, I die!

On the wooden scaffolding of the Inquisition, with a burning green candle in his hands, don Carvajal denied the accusations. ''They tell me that my mother died in the Jewish faith,'' he said. ''If that is so then she is not my mother, nor I her son.'' Nonetheless, he was imprisoned. He died within the year.

His sister, Francisca de Carvajal, was burned at the stake on December 8, 1596, in Mexico City. So was his nephew and namesake, Luis de Carvajal and his two nieces, Lernor and Cataliva de Leon y de la Cueva. In all, nine Jews were burned alive, ten were burned in effigy, and twenty-five were imprisoned, some for life.

On the collapse of the Carvajal family fortunes the royal persecutor sold their palatial ''haciendas containing mares, mules and other animals.'' But there is no record of what happened to their Indian slaves. Nor is there any mention of the mestizo children, half-Jewish and half-Indian, of the Carvajal men.

Not all of the Carvajals fell victim to the Inquisition at that time. Some not only escaped, but set out on a new expedition.

One of the Carvajals, Juan de Vitoria, joined the Onate expedition that brought the first Spanish settlers to Nueva Espana, New Mexico, in 1598, two years after the auto-da-fé of the Holy Inquisition. He was a soldier, an *alferez,* or ensign. But, in later years, he ironically became the Standard Bearer of the Office of the Holy Inquisition in Nueva Espana. Even so his wife was accused of heresy, of using ''magic roots'' like an Indian, but there is no record of what happened to her or to her three sons.

The Catholic church historian Father Angelico Chavez writes that the reasons were ''obscure,'' but no one seemed to know what had happened to ''the remnants of a once great family.'' In Sante Fe, New Mexico, there is now not a single Carvajal.

And yet, I do not believe the pioneering Jewish ranchers and horsemen could have vanished completely into history, as had the Jewish conquistador, Hernando Alonso, before them. They remain with us as ghostly ancestors of the founders of our western history.

No one heretofore has thought them significant enough to write about in any serious way. But the influence of their style of living and beliefs cannot be ignored; their memory persists in many of the traits of western ranching and horsemanship. These Jews were the first to bring the *gineta* riding style, the high-horned Persian, now western saddle, the tossed lasso, and the Andalusian ancestors of the quarter horse into the deserts of the Southwest. And they did it in their particular and peculiar way—as Jewish ranchers.

One of the qualities that has characterized the rancher is his taciturn and laconic nature. It is a quality that suggests a sense of privacy, the manner of a man who is closemouthed about himself and who does not wish a public display of his thoughts. That is not a quality rooted in the flamboyant verbosity of the conquistadors. But may it not have originated with the early western ranchers who had to hide their beliefs and hide themselves, the *conversos,* the hidden Spanish Jews?

These ranchers, of necessity, had to be unobtrusive and low-keyed to hide from the Inquisition. And yet the influence of the diffidence and reticence of the Jewish ranchers on the modern lifestyle of the cowboy ethic is little known. The roots of the ranching mystique have been traced to every possible influence, in my opinion, but where they originated. Those Jewish conquistadors who moved north and became ranchers may be the historical missing link that illuminates the coming of the dark and dashing horsemen to America.

That may well be the most significant and influential contribution of the Jewish conquistadors; for whatever is consciously suppressed and hidden can never be forgotten; it becomes a powerful and eternal unconscious force no matter what disguises and distortions clothe it.

Excerpted for AMERICAN WEST *by Stan Steiner from his* Dark and Dashing Horsemen. *Copyright © 1981 by Stan Steiner. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc.*

Stan Steiner *is now working on a book-length manuscript entitled* The Superb Masculinity of the West, *scheduled for publication in the spring of 1984 by the University of New Mexico Press. This will be the first of a series, edited by Mr. Steiner, that will review Western history from a Western point of view. Mr. Steiner is a member of the Editorial Board of* AMERICAN WEST.

Navajo Nation meets Hollywood

An inside look at John Ford's classic westerns

by Bodie Thoene and Rona Stuck

THE CARAVAN OF LIMOUSINES MADE SLOW PROGRESS over the desert as John Ford's movie company headed toward Monument Valley, Utah, in 1955. Although cast and crew of *The Searchers* left Flagstaff, Arizona at 7 A.M., the journey took eighteen hours—the last ten spent pushing the unwieldy stretch-out limousines whenever they high-centered on the bumpy Valley roads. At 1 A.M. the exhausted men and women staggered up the front steps of Harry Goulding's Trading Post and Lodge, where they were greeted by Goulding and four solemn-faced leaders of the Navajo tribe. John Ford and John Wayne shook hands first with Goulding, then with Indians John, Jack, and Johnny Stanley, and Frank Bradley. No introductions were necessary; they had known each other since the first motion picture was made in Monument Valley in 1939.

Ford and Wayne had traveled the road to Monument Valley many times before. They came to use the towering cliffs and red buttes as a backdrop for Western motion picture classics like *Stagecoach, Fort Apache, She Wore a Yellow Ribbon,* and *My Darling Clementine*. And in more than a dozen additional westerns, they called on their old friends, the Navajos, to play the roles that would capture on film a small moment of Indian history in the American West. Before arriving in Monument Valley, Ford always had the parts of the Indians cast. Each role had its qualifications; the Indian had to ride well, die well, and more importantly,

COURTESY DOLLY STANLEY-ROBERSON

he had to have what Ford called, "a great face."

Hollywood's link with the Navajo Nation began during the Great Depression. In the 1930s all the world, it seemed, was hungry and looking for work. Men in Monument Valley were no different, except that, perhaps, they had less hope of finding a job. There was no market for Navajo sheep or wool. Starvation lurked in many hogans. Tourist trade had slowed to a mere trickle. Then, in 1938, Indian trader Harry Goulding and tribal leader Frank Bradley had an idea that would change the future of the Valley and its people.

Rumors had filtered into the Valley that motion picture director John Ford and producer Walter Wanger were looking for a location to film a "Class A" western movie. Bradley and Goulding looked around them. Where, they reasoned, could there be any more perfect place?

Armed with a stack of photographs, sixty dollars, and a do-or-die mentality, Goulding made the trek to Hollywood to convince the filmmakers to come to Monument Valley. He discovered that meeting the right people was no easy task, however. Only after he threatened to throw his bedroll down and camp in the front office of United Artists did Ford and Wanger agree to meet with him. Then, as John Wayne explained in a 1978 interview, "Ford disappeared for a few days, and when he came back he told everybody that he had just discovered the most beautiful place in the world for a movie location—Monument Valley!"

The making of Stagecoach *in 1939 brought Hollywood film crews into Monument Valley for the first time. Moving onto location was no easy chore, but director John Ford was determined to make his movie against the backdrop of the Navajo reservation's rugged buttes and majestic skies.*

Ford had indeed discovered Monument Valley with Frank Bradley as his guide and interpreter. Frank was a tall lean man with piercing eyes and a twice-broken nose that dominated his face. Prominent ears earned him the Navajo name of *Jabune*, which means "the bat." Being an Irishman himself, Ford was fascinated by Frank's stories of his adventuresome Irish father who founded several trading posts in Arizona.

"My father was white and my mother Navajo," Frank said. "When I was very young and heard my father speak about the white man's world, I longed to see it all. But also, life on the reservation was very poor. There were no schools for children to better themselves. In my heart I was Navajo, and it became my hope that I could someday make things better."

In 1908 at the age of twenty, Frank joined the army and left the reservation. After a military career that spanned twelve years and took him to the front lines in France during World War I, he moved to Kayenta, Arizona, where he met Harry

On the horizon another horse and rider appeared, galloping full-bore toward the caravan of movie trucks.

Goulding, the Stanley brothers, and their sister Pauline. "She was a beautiful Navajo girl," Frank remembered. "I was past thirty and had not yet married. When I first saw her there seemed to be only one thing to do." Frank and Pauline were married in a Navajo ceremony. Elected as a councilman for the Tribal Council of the Navajos in 1935, Frank played an important role in persuading the Bureau of Indian Affairs to build a school in Kayenta.

The scenic beauty of the reservation convinced John Ford to film *Stagecoach* in the Valley, but Frank Bradley convinced him that the Navajo should be a part of the movie as well. Ford considered the alternative of hiring Hollywood actors to play the parts of Indians, as opposed to using the real thing. Except for Bradley, most of the Navajo could not understand one word of English. The language barrier would make directing virtually impossible unless.... "Would Bradley be willing to work as the interpreter?" Ford asked. "And will the people do as they're told?"

Frank's answer was a simple yes on all counts. Never mind that no one on the reservation had even so much as seen a movie, let alone acted in one. If Mr. Ford said he wanted Indians for his film, the Navajo had been living the part for thousands of years.

GOULDING AND FRANK WERE GIVEN ONLY THREE DAYS to prepare for the arrival of over one hundred and fifty members of the Hollywood cast and crew. Army tents had to be set up and water hauled in from Kayenta. Before the work began, however, Frank had to recruit help from the tribe. His first thought was to ride to the hogans of his brothers-in-law, John, Jack and Johnny Stanley. If he could convince them, the rest would be easy.

John Stanley was at the top of Frank's list for several reasons. He was the only one of the three who could speak English and had a good working relationship with the white man. As a boy, he had attended the Riverside Indian School in Riverside, California, through the tenth grade. This accomplishment plus the fact that he had inherited the Stanley characteristic of naturally curly hair, earned him the Navajo name of *Ol ta'be'se'e chit l'e,* "Schoolboy with the curly hair."

When John heard Frank's news about the movie company and the need for Navajo workers, he saddled his horse immediately and rode with Frank to the hogan of his brother Jack. Even with their united front, it took great effort to persuade Jack to trust the white strangers. Known by the Navajo name for "Black Hat," he had lived his life and found his livelihood entirely within the confines and culture of the reservation. He had never set foot through the door of a white man's school and spoke no English. His education had been strictly in the ancient ways of the Navajo. From his youth he felt a fascination for the spirit realm, and as a young man he began the rigorous training of a medicine man. His only textbook was keen observance of elaborate and intricate rituals that were centuries old. He was respected among his people as the Medicine Man of The Lightning Way.

Jack sat quietly while Frank and John told him the many ways that making a movie in the Valley would benefit the people. When they had covered every possible aspect of the "great opportunity" they fell silent, waiting for Jack's reaction. As his niece, Dolly Stanley-Roberson recalls, "He was very suspicious, but the people needed work because of the bad times. He agreed to help in whatever way he could but it took many years before friendships with the movie people were formed."

Jack agreed to work for the white moviemaker and to encourage others to do the same, but he insisted that they should all be paid in silver dollars, not in the white man's paper money that he distrusted. He adopted a wait-and-see attitude towards the entire project, but his influence reached into hogans even on the most remote parts of the Navajo reservation. Frank Bradley knew when he left Jack's hogan that Goulding would have his work crew, and John Ford would have real Indian "actors" when he arrived.

The last Stanley brother to be approached was Johnny, a quiet man, who lived "in a world of his own." His niece Dolly remembers that he was called "Big Man" in Navajo because of his large stature. Like Jack, Johnny spoke only Navajo and had never attended school. He married when he was a very young man and had a large family. He had led an undisturbed life and never became involved in the pursuits of his brothers. The time had passed, however, when a large family could survive on a small flock of sheep. Hearing that Jack had agreed to the venture, Johnny wasted no time in joining the movie project. The three Stanley brothers became Ford's "Great Faces" of the Navajo Nation.

Three days later the movie company's long caravan of trucks and equipment rattled and bumped along the road to Goulding's Trading Post. Ten miles from their destination the driver of the lead truck spotted what appeared to be a small group of men on horseback riding slowly toward them. On the horizon to the right another horse and rider appeared and galloped full-bore toward the others, slowing only when he joined the group. Time after time the scene was repeated as curious Navajo men and boys from all over the reservation came to see the "movie people." The last few miles they rode silently alongside the lumbering vehicles with new riders arriving every few minutes until the escort had swelled to over one hundred and fifty Indians. And yet it was a small group compared with those who gathered at Goulding's in hope of getting a job. When Ford's company arrived, he was greeted by what appeared to be the entire Navajo Nation. Years later Ford remembered, "They certainly left no doubt that we had come to the right place, and I knew right then that I'd be coming back again and again."

With the help of Bradley as interpreter, Ford narrowed his

COURTESY DOLLY STANLEY-ROBERSON PHOTO BY ALEXANDER KAHLE

Navajo brothers Johnny, John, and Jack Stanley (left to right) *appear here during production of* The Searchers *in 1955. They played Comanche warriors but sang traditional Navajo songs.*

selection to about fifty men and "the fastest ponies on the reservation." And for the first time in fifty years, Navajo men put on the war paint of hostile Indians in pursuit of the stage to Lordsburg. This time, however, the bullets were blanks even though the war cries were real.

Dolly commented on seeing *Stagecoach*, forty years after it was filmed. "I recognized each one of my uncles and several others as well. It seemed strange to see them when they were all such young men because I knew them only when they were older. For me it was almost like watching a part of Navajo history."

NONE OF THE NAVAJO MEN WHO CHARGED ACROSS the movie screens of America ever saw the movie. They had received their rewards in the free meals at the company chuck wagon and in the paymaster's wagon. They were happy with the substantial clink of Ford's promised silver dollars in their pockets.

As Dolly says, "Because the movie people offered needed jobs and money, they became welcome. Through the years, because the same movie people seemed to return, friends were made. We were always looking forward to their return. They seemed to be so full of energy and brought a good feeling to all involved. But after they left we returned to our flocks and every day business."

With the filming of *Stagecoach* as the very first "A" western, motion picture history was made. Suddenly Monument Valley became more than a place on the map. Tourists came to the Valley from all over the world to see the buttes and towering cliffs that surrounded Goulding's now-famous trading post. But if they came to see the painted warriors of John Ford's classic, they left disappointed, having found only quiet Navajo shepherds in their place.

In 1946 Ford returned to the Valley, put up a $250,000 set, and filmed *My Darling Clementine*. This was one picture that did not require scenic monument backgrounds and could easily have been made nearer Hollywood. Ford's desire to help the Navajos played a considerable part in his choosing Monument Valley for the location. This time he was greeted on the front steps of Goulding's as a trusted *friend*. It was Jack Stanley, the medicine man, who had so strongly disliked white men, who first honored Ford with the name *Natani*

COURTESY DOLLY STANLEY-ROBERSON

Nez, "Tall Leader."

In 1947, Ford returned for the third time with Wayne for location shots for *Fort Apache*. Then in 1948 he was back with a large company for the filming of *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*. Dolly remembers that this picture was another god-send to her people. Shortly after the company completed location shots, a heavy blizzard blanketed the Valley with snow said to be two-men deep. Land travel was paralyzed for weeks. Military planes dropped food to stranded Navajos and livestock during "Operation Haylift." "Mr. Ford knew the right men to call in Washington," Dolly says. "Thanks to him and the payroll he brought into the Valley, there was food in the hogans. Many tragedies were averted. Many Navajo lives were saved."

The Valley hummed with activity when Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney formed a company to film Alan LeMay's 1954 best-selling novel, *The Searchers*, with John Ford as director. A half-million dollars was spent just moving on location. A tent city to feed and house three hundred people sprang up on the flat below Goulding's Trading Post. After the miserable experience with limousines on the Valley roads, the producers ordered that two hundred-sixty miles of road be constructed or improved. Nearly three hundred Navajos were employed as laborers, extras, and in the case of the Stanleys, as actors. Each of the brothers was proudly made a member of the Screen Actors Guild and given a card to carry. With Jack Stanley leading his people, Navajos, dressed as Comanches, sang the songs of their own ancestors.

Off camera, *Natani Nez* was officially initiated into the Navajo tribe and presented with the highest honor one Navajo can give another. The sacred deer hide complete with ears, tail, and legs was offered to Ford with this inscription: "We present this deer hide to our fellow tribesman *Natani Nez* as a token of appreciation for the courtesy and friendship he has extended to us in his many activities in our Valley. In your travels may there be beauty behind you, beauty on both sides of you, and beauty ahead of you."

The Searchers became known around the world as another classic motion picture, but when a print of the movie finally came to Monument Valley three years later, it was viewed somewhat differently. Dolly remembers that when news arrived that the film was to be shown at the reservation, people traveled for miles to come see what it was, exactly, they had been doing in front of the cameras for all those years. "The Chapter House was a small building not made to hold many people, but the people kept on coming," Dolly recalled. "There was soon no place to sit, so latecomers stood all around the walls. This was the only movie that ever came to the Valley that I can remember. *The Searchers* is really a very serious film, and everyone was quiet until the Indian parts began. Then it was like watching home movies. Everyone

A tent city to feed and house three hundred people sprang up on the flat below the trading post.

would laugh and call out names of who they saw on the screen. The whole movie became more like the funniest comedy ever filmed."

OTHER MOVIE COMPANIES CAME TO THE VALLEY, AND not all respected the ways of the Navajo people as Ford had. Johnny was asked during the filming of a Walt Disney picture to disturb an eagle's nest, which was a serious violation of Navajo religion. "I was a younger man then," Johnny once said to his niece. "I didn't think so much about it, and though I knew it was not right I did it anyway. Now that I am old and sick I wish I had not."

In 1963, when John Wayne's company produced *McClintock!* in Tucson, Arizona, Wayne refused to hire any other Indians than his friends from Monument Valley. He sent word to Frank Bradley, "Get me the Stanley boys and fifty other good men!" Johnny was not well: bad spirits had sapped his strength until he was unable to travel or work at all. But if Wayne had called for Johnny he would have Johnny. Three Stanleys arrived on location. Since Johnny couldn't come, he had sent his son Johnny Kee Stanley to take his place.

McClintock! proved to be another motion picture classic as the first western comedy. John Stanley portrayed an old Indian chief, remembered best for his line in the middle of a typical Wayne knock-down-drag-out: "Ho McClintock! Good party. No whiskey—we go home now."

John was, in fact, known among the film crews as the most likeable of the Valley men. He was bright, good natured, and spoke excellent English—unless it was to his advantage to feign ignorance. Wayne's stunt man, Chuck Roberson, remembers one occasion when John felt it was better *not* to understand English. "He had done something that the Second Unit Director didn't like, and the director was giving him and a few other Indians pure hell. They all stood in line like statues, pretending not to understand a word. So this director turns to Wayne and comments that they had understood him yesterday. At least he *thought* they had. Finally the guy gave up and stormed off cussing in the other direction. Then John dropped his deaf Indian act and said to Wayne, 'That man sure as hell ought to learn to speak Navajo if he's going to work for you!' Wayne loved it!"

Directing his final film *Cheyenne Autumn* in 1965, John Ford called on his Navajo brothers for the last time. For three decades he had relied on Frank Bradley to communicate with the people and to predict the weather, an ability he rewarded with extra pay. During the filming of *Autumn*, the director's eyesight was failing, and he depended more than ever on Frank to know if the day would be calm and beautiful for the cameras. The second week into shooting he called Frank over

John Ford surveys filming in Monument Valley in 1957. He relied on Navajo interpreters in directing his popular westerns.

COURTESY DOLLY STANLEY-ROBERSON

This gun battle took place in Ford's last film in Monument Valley, Cheyenne Autumn *(1965). The Stanley brothers acted in numerous scenes; their dress was Cheyenne but their words were Navajo.*

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to his side and asked him about the prediction. For the first time in thirty years, Frank did not have an answer. And for the first time in thirty years Ford asked him why. Frank's answer was simple and remembered by everyone within earshot. "Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Ford. You see, my radio broke and I didn't hear the forecast this morning."

In spite of uncertain weather conditions, with Frank as his mouthpiece, Ford directed the Navajo people in what has been called his "film of atonement to the American Indian." Almost without exception, nearly every shot of the Indians shows at least one of the three Stanleys. Although the Indians depicted in the film are supposed to be Cheyenne, the script was read in Navajo. Time and again Jack led his people in tribal songs and chants that are centuries old and rich with Navajo history.

In the closing scenes, an Indian woman runs to warn her chief of the inevitable approach of the white man's army. Her words reach out from the world of make-believe and speak of the reality of a relationship that spanned three decades and two cultures. "Natani! Natani!" she calls across the Valley floor—the Navajo name for John Ford.

Although this was Ford's final film with the Stanleys, it was also the first occasion that they were invited to attend a Hollywood premiere. While Frank and Johnny remained in the Valley, Jack and John boarded an airplane and flew to Hollywood. John enjoyed himself immensely, but Jack confided to his niece that the only thing that he had enjoyed was seeing the great ocean. Everything else had been a confusing blur. "At dinner," he told Dolly, "they said that we must eat salad before we are served the main course. In the Navajo way, salad means flowers. I thought we were supposed to eat the flowers in the center of the table! I am very relieved to be back home!"

Three decades of filmmaking had not changed what Jack Stanley knew as "home." It was still a place remarkably different from the white man's world. It was the place where he and his brothers were called, "My father," as a sign of respect by all members of the tribe. It was the place where no matter what kind of costume the script called for, be it Apache, Comanche, or Cheyenne, Ford's Great Faces were *always* Navajo.

Bodie Thoene *lives with her husband and three children on a ranch in Glennville, California. Widely published in national magazines, she coauthored the book* The Fall Guy *and worked as a writer with John Wayne's Batjack Productions for two years.*

Rona Stuck *of Glennville, California, is a nationally published free-lance writer. She is currently assisting Bodie Thoene on a motion picture script about the rebirth of Israel as a nation.*

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ROCK-ANGEL. 1972. BY JERRY N. UELSMANN

Walked Two Days in Snow, Then It Cleared for Five

Saw a sleek gray bullet-body, underwater,
hind feet kicking, bubbles trailing,
shoot under bushes on the bank.

A tawny critter on the gravel bar—
first morning sunlight, lay down, ears up,
watch me from afar.

And two broad graceful dark brown leaf-eaters with
humped shoulders, flopping ears, long-legged,
cross the creekbed and enter the woods.

A white and black bird soars up with a fish
in its claws.

A hawk swings low over slough and marsh, cinnamon
and gold, and drops out of sight.

A furred one with flat tail hung floating far
from shore, tiny green wavelets, waiting;

And I saw: the turn of the head, the glance of
the eye, each gesture, each turn and stamp

Of your high-arched feet.

Thoroughfare Meadow,
Upper Yellowstone River
September 1974

These two poems are excerpted with permission from Axe Handles, Poems by Gary Snyder © *1983 by Gary Snyder, to be published in October by North Point Press. All rights reserved.*

Gary Snyder
Two poems

The Canyon Wren

for James and Carol Katz

I look up at the cliffs
But we're swept on by downriver
  the rafts
Wobble and slide over roils of water
  boulders shimmer
  under the arching stream
Rock walls straight up on both sides.
A hawk cuts across that narrow sky.
  hit by sun,

We paddle forward, backstroke, turn,
Spinning through eddies and waves
Stairsteps of churning whitewater.
  above the roar
  hear the song of a Canyon Wren.

A smooth stretch, drifting and resting.
Hear it again, delicate downward song

  ti ti ti ti tee tee tee

Descending through ancient beds.
A single female mallard flies upstream—

Shooting the hundred-pace rapids
Su Shih saw, for a moment,
  it all stand still
"I stare at the water:
  it moves with unspeakable slowness."

Dōgen, writing at midnight,

  "mountains flow

  "water is the palace of the dragon

  "it does not flow away."

We beach up at Chinese camp
Between piles of stone
Stacked there by black-haired miners,
  cook in the dark
  sleep all night long by the stream.

These songs that are here and gone,
Here and gone,
To purify our ears.

Stanislaus River
Camp 9 to Parrott's Ferry
April 40081

Engine-room stoker, lumberjack, vegetable gardener, and Buddhist monk, **Gary Snyder** *won a Pulitzer Prize in 1975 for his book of poems* Turtle Island. *On these pages of* AMERICAN WEST, "Walked Two Days in Snow, Then It Cleared for Five" *and* "The Canyon Wren" *appear in print for the first time.*

Natural Causes

BARTON LAKE, OREGON: THIS LAST OF THE ROUND barns, the broad conical roof shingled with new cedar, floats on the undulating wheat grass, inhabited by what is gone, and by the impossibility of slipping backward into that other country where our old people once lived with their horses.

We listen to this hard voice from back then: *You take raw colts from just off the desert, and just as wild as a horse can get. You could work with colts in there in the wintertime, when there wasn't much else doing but cows to feed. In there it was like a big circus tent, see.*

The little man from California, Peter French, had two of these barns built in the years 1888 and 1889, when his hold on his great properties—the hay lands of the Blitzen and Diamond valleys and the rising high summer rangeland on Steens Mountain—looked to be most secure. This one is owned and maintained by the Oregon Historical Society.

The other barn, up the valley at the old P Ranch Headquarters, was torn down for materials some fifty years ago: *You got them colts inside, and you went in there with a helper, and your helper would get them going so you could pick up their front feet. We roped them by the front feet, and you threw them down by the front feet. You had to stay careful but the work got done.*

Peter French was beyond doubt a hard and self-serving man, but he also built his barns from his notion of things done right, to clear artistic proportion and for a purpose, which in this case was the gentling of horses, another beauty. A man of small stature, five-and-one-half-feet tall and never more than 135 pounds, Peter French ruled all this Steens Mountain and Blitzen River country of southeastern Oregon when he died in 1897, and he lived only forty-nine years.

We wonder about his intentions for the years he must have seen before him on that day after Christmas, when he was shot and killed while working cattle out in the snowy fields south of the Sod House. We try to speculate on his secrets and see them in the round barn at Barton Lake.

The board and batten exterior wall is the first circle. Inside that, with a track between them, is a fort-like circular wall of native stone, nine feet high and maybe two feet thick, cut with portholes and two gates to let in the horses and the reflected light of the sun from outside. There are old-timers in the country who insist the wall was built as defense against attack by the Paiute and Bannock tribes. But those natives were mostly gone by then, trapped by military from Idaho Territory operating out of Fort Harney after the uprising of 1878, and trailed north through the terrible January of 1879 to the reservation at Fort Simcoe, southwest of Yakima in Washington Territory. Maybe that rock wall was just meant to be there a long time, or maybe it was intended as a fort against other white men who were coming new and empty-handed into the country. In any event, it is the main structural support of the building.

Open one of the gates through the wall, and we are deep inside and into the space where the horse breaking happened. This business of entering through circles is part of what we have come to experience. There are two more rings. The first consists of thirteen large juniper posts that support the roof,

COURTESY HARNEY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Angry rivalry on Oregon frontier led to murder

by William Kittredge

each sixteen feet out from the center post, a freakishly enormous and smooth-worn peeled juniper that reaches up most of thirty feet to the peak of the conical roof.

Try to imagine roping colts by their front feet, and the harm that must have been possible. High up in what seems a radiant and unnatural light the rafters come in to meet at their apex like spokes in a wheel that is not turning. The juniper posts are glowing and golden and look burnished. Some of this aura is no doubt contributed by our imagination and memories of sunlight coming down through forest trees.

Here, inside, men worked through the boredom of winter with their animals, fighting away the spookiness of isolation amid the flatland sagebrush bluffs near the eastern side of Barton Lake, some fifteen miles of sagebrush and rockflat from the southern edge of Malheur Lake, where newcomers were settling on the mudflats and trying to farm their grain. We wonder about rock walls and Peter French and how much he foresaw, and why he wasn't smart enough to bring peace into the country, and save him that approaching winter afternoon when Ed Oliver rode toward him across the frozen meadows.

AT THE BEGINNING PETE FRENCH WAS A KID FROM Red Bluff, California, who went down the Sacramento River to work in the Willows country for his father's old trail-driving and westering friend, Doctor Hugh Glenn. That was in 1870, the year Peter French was twenty-one and weary of his father's sheep-farmer life.

In the spring of 1872, when Peter French was twenty-three years of age, Hugh Glenn entrusted him with 1,200 head of white and roan shorthorn cattle, six vaqueros, and a Chinese cook, and sent them off trailing north to the almost literally uninhabited high desert rangeland of southeastern Oregon. There was John Devine over at the Whitehorse Ranch where he had settled in 1869, some trappers around the Sod House on the southern edge of Malheur Lake, the military at Fort Harney, miners beyond the Idaho border at Silver City, and the Central Pacific to the south at Winnemucca in Nevada. The frontier was closing back on its remnants, and Peter French was riding to some of the last empty country, where he found oasis lands that became his true homestake in the world.

The long string of French's herd came down through the breaks south of the Beatty Buttes and out onto the fine bunch-grass country of Catlow Valley while Steens Mountain to the east was still bright with snow. Tiny yellow and orange flowers bloomed amid the lava rocks and stunted sage. French had been on the trail two months. He camped at

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In the late 1880s Peter French and some of his best buckaroos drove several thousand head of steers from the P Ranch to Umatilla in northern Oregon for railroad shipment. They are pictured, left to right: Bert French (brother to Peter), Charles Wheeler, James Brannon, Jack Cooper, Phil Burnbardi (cook), Charlie Ward, Kid Hudson, Bill Dyer, Mart Brenton, Abe Hostetter, Johnny Fisher, Boland Fine, and Peter French.

During the winter in Peter French's Round Barn at Barton Lake, ranch hands broke horses for use as saddle ponies on the vast P Ranch. Built in the 1880s, the Barn was restored in the late 1960s by the Oregon Historical Society. Our map shows the area where Peter French prospered, wielded great power, and met a tragic end. To visit this region in south-eastern Oregon in Harney County: take Oregon Highway #205 south from Burns for about sixty-two miles to the P Ranch.

Alva Springer was shot at by French's workmen. He used his rifle to "put a stop to it real soon."

Roaring Springs, resting his cattle on good water and grazing, and while there bought his brand from a man named Porter, the most natural brand imaginable for Pete French, a huge P on the left hip, and the first thing Hugh Glenn was to own in Oregon. The P Ranch was started.

Porter's few head of cattle came with the brand, and so did the land where he grazed, from Roaring Springs to the upper valley of the Donner und Blitzen River. Usage determined right of control in those beginning days. French rode north out of Catlow Valley, over the break at the northwest foot of the Steens, and saw his heartland for the first time: The Blitzen Valley.

French sat horseback on a lava-rock ridge, fifteen hundred feet above the swampy creekside lands reaching north in a long meander as far as he could see, and open for the taking, hay meadows for all the cattle the country could graze, and good water through the year. This great sheltered valley would be his home until he was killed; it held him when leaving would have been easier, when he could have retreated to California and been simple and rich. We imagine Peter French stepping down from his horse, and standing there quiet while recognizing the only place where he would fit like a lost piece into a puzzle.

On a knoll near the Blitzen River, French built his willow-thatch corrals and eventually planted his Lombardy poplar and built his white saw-lumber house where no woman ever lived for more than a few days at a time until French was dead—which was an accident French could never have foreseen, or so we imagine.

A complex history ensued. By 1878 French was selling four-year-old steers at the railhead in Winnemucca. In 1883 he traveled to San Francisco and married Hugh Glenn's daughter, Ella. Sixteen days after the February wedding Hugh Glenn was shot and murdered by an ex-bookkeeper, Huram Miller, and the money troubles began. The estate was valued at $1,232,000 and all of it was encumbered by debt. Peter and Ella French got word at the railroad station in Winnemucca, and turned back for the funeral. Ella never attempted returning to the ranch in Oregon. In 1891 they were divorced. By that time it could not have made much difference. The cleanly defined purposes of that young man on horseback, come with other men to claim territory, were deeply muddied while never forgotten.

Hugh Glenn was murdered because he had been cheating his field-hands of their wages, in order to pay for a high life with politicians in San Francisco. Ella gave birth to a son that Peter never claimed in any fatherly way, or so it seems if we look for scandal. The ranch lands in Oregon supported the failures in California, and the lawyers. And another battle was taking shape by that time, beginning in the cyclical patterns of rainfall and centering around the ambitions of men come late to the country. It started with one small and at least partly natural event.

FRENCH HAD COME TO THE BLITZEN VALLEY DURING dry years, which accounts for the fact he was able to take hay off the swamplands that first autumn. By the late years of the 1870s he was building drainage canals. Malheur Lake, where the Donner und Blitzen River drained at the far northern end of the P Ranch property, began to refill, and the waters began lapping at the sand reef that had blown in across the overflow channel into landlocked Harney Lake and the alkaline flats on west.

During the late spring of 1881 the reef washed out, helped a little by human intervention according to stories, and Malheur Lake was lowered, maybe as much as a foot. Almost 10,000 acres of lake-bottom lands were exposed, most of them adjacent to the 1877 meander line that marked the boundaries of the P Ranch. The event did not seem of particular consequence at the time, until settlers began coming into the Harney Basin, looking for lands they could farm. They naturally drifted to the floodplain, which was level and open and inviting to the plow. Those families from far away to the east must have thought they had finally come to the reward their sufferings had always promised.

And the trouble began, an old Western story, called nesters and ranchers. Under English common law the owner of shore land is given ownership to the middle or center thread of a stream or lake, in accordance with the doctrine of riparian rights. But Peter French did not know about such rights. The settlers filtered onto the lake-bed lands without opposition until August of 1894, when French returned from consultations with his lawyers and the heirs of the Glenn estate, now determined to see the settlers evicted from land which legally belonged to the company. French immediately sent letters requesting the settlers to vacate "further occupancy of said lands." The settlers paid the letters little notice, and French began suit in the federal court in Portland. The suits were transferred to the Harney County circuit court at Burns, and time passed while relations between French and the settlers steadily deteriorated.

Here's where the stories of warfare begin. Alva Springer, one of the settlers, told of being shot at by French's workmen. Springer carried a rifle, and galloped beyond the range of their .45 caliber revolvers, climbed down off his horse, and put them to flight. "Put a stop to it real soon," was what he said. The only injury was a .45 bullet in a front foot of the horse he was riding.

Another settler, Al Rienaman, told of Peter French's coming by in a buggy while he was repairing a gate. "Mr. Rienaman," French said, "it's time I gave you a good whipping." French got down from the buggy with the whip he

PHOTO COURTESY HARNEY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Ed Oliver spurred his horse right up against French's without trying to stop, like a man gone blind or crazy.

used on his horses and found himself staring down the open end of a revolver. "Mr. Rienaman," he said, "I'll postpone this job until another time." French got back into his buggy and drove on.

Whatever, we hear the anger in these legends of the country, which are still told. The settlers held meetings, hired lawyers, and joined together in a war to save their homes from the baronial power of the P Ranch, which was Peter French and the distant and no doubt rich California heirs of the Glenn estate.

French's suit finally came to court on May 24, 1897, with Alva Springer as defendant. By that time the P Ranch properties, including the 42,000 acres of pastural hay land in the Diamond Valley that French bought for a dollar an acre in 1877, amounted to around 70,000 acres of mostly irrigated meadows. The summer grazing lands French used as his own in Catlow Valley and on the highlands of the Steens amounted to perhaps another million acres.

Local sympathies are easy to imagine. Business men in Burns needed the money and trade brought by the settlers, and poor men on homestead claims all over eastern Oregon were rooting for the settlers. Times were thin. The jury in Burns decided in favor of the defendant, and hatreds ran deeper when it was learned French was appealing the case. And quite possibly, in any strict reading of the law, French was right. The land was his, or was until a new meander line was surveyed in 1895, leaving a strip of government land a mile or more wide between French and riparian rights to the shoreline of Malheur Lake. In any event the settlers were desperate, and angry, as was French. Horse herds were run off, leaving women and children afoot, no small thing in that country. Fences were cut, miles of P Ranch fence, and haystacks were burned. A haze of smoke hung over the Blitzen Valley through half the summer.

There were rumors of gangs and conspiracy. French met with the settlers. "I'll fight any man," he said. "Gentlemen, while this case is pending, come work for me. You can work long as you want, and pay for your land." But they did not.

We sense French's division in such talk. Old-timers in the country still speculate about his split personality. The people who worked for him were most often enormously loyal, while those in his way were run down by any means possible. We wonder at the attractiveness of those old slate-eyed citizens like French, trying to hold the world to patterns fixed only in their heads.

A story made the rounds. The homesteaders had met and agreed French must be killed. They had drawn straws for the duty and honor. Somewhere in Harney County there walked a man who had drawn the short straw, and the right to a holy mission of heroism: Kill Peter French. The only sensible way was shooting. Everybody wondered who was packing the short straw. And nobody ever knew if there was any truth in the story.

But they believed Rye Smith. He was a man you could believe. Rye Smith came to the country about the same time as French, and he owned a place in the Diamond Valley and wouldn't sell to French. One evening at the end of a party, while Rye and his wife were gathering their sleeping children from a bedroom, George Miller tried to take a knife to Rye. Rye shot him, the bullet passing through Miller's mouth and out the side of his cheek. Afterward, the two became friends, and Miller confessed. That night with the knife...he had been hired to kill. Peter French had done the hiring. These are stories you hear, which isn't to say they are true or not. They were true enough.

ED OLIVER WAS A MAN OF SMALL STATURE, LIKE PETER French, six inches short of six feet tall, a homesteader on property one mile south of Rockford Lane, a public road running east and west through French's property in the Blitzen Valley, and he had his history of violence and his grievances. In the fall of 1894 Oliver had been charged with assault with a dangerous weapon. He'd beat on Sam Hadley with a long-handled shovel and been indicted, but the case was finally dropped.

Oliver's homestead land was located inside French's boundary fence, and French demanded $500 for a right of way to Rockford Lane, money Oliver couldn't pay, and probably wouldn't have paid if there had been any possibility. French threatened him publicly. "I'll fix you good if I ever catch you on my property." Or some such warning.

Oliver was married to Ida Simmons, whose parents lived on the shoreline of Malheur Lake, settlers on land Pete French claimed was his by riparian right. She had lost her first husband and was left with four children and a few cows. Ignoring French's warning, Oliver took the cows to the homestead south of Rockford Lane, leaving Ida and her children with her mother.

On Christmas morning, 1897, Oliver traveled to Malheur Lake and spent the day with his family, and we have to conjecture about his holiday. Times were thin, and Ed Oliver had his grievances. They carried weight beyond rumors of childish pacts and grown men drawing straws like playground brats.

French came back from Chicago on Christmas Day of 1897, a windy Christmas morning with snow blowing in the streets of Burns, and he bundled himself and his gifts from the east into a buggy-wagon and spent the cold day driving the thirty miles south to the Sod House, where his riders were camped. Peter French didn't spend much time around the establishments in Burns, not in those days. You had to wonder how he was feeling. All the trouble with lawyers and his

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wife divorced and married to another man in San Francisco, and the fourteen year old boy who bore his name, spoiled and self-centered and red-headed and not looking anything like French—all of them wanting money and none of them any help when it came to the work.

You had to think French carried his own grievances that morning after Christmas. There had been a party the night before at the Sod House, with all the children and women, and the next day there was Chino Berdugo, the cow boss, down with too much holiday, which was surely understandable. French told Chino to take the buckboard and team, and go up river to the P Ranch headquarters and rest for a day.

Now the stories get more contradictory. Toward noon, we hear, French cut himself a willow switch and tied a strap of buckskin on it, making a little whip. They were moving 3,000 head of cattle that day, and it was slow going. Around two o'clock in the afternoon French rode ahead and threw open the gate between the Big Sagebrush Field and the Wright Field.

We know roughly what comes next, and we watch French turn the stirrup and get himself back horseback on Chino's sorrel gelding, and we are not surprised when Ed Oliver comes riding hard from a snowy draw, where the dry snow flies in wispy clouds blown by the wind of his traveling, Ed Oliver coming hard and spurring like a man with news that cannot wait. Ed Oliver came right on and he ran his horse right up into French, banging full in without any try at stopping like a man gone blind or crazy. French's horse shied backwards and halfway fell. It was a sudden mad-man thing. Or so it looked. Emanuel Clark was nearby, and saw it.

And Emanuel Clark was a man anybody would trust, all his life. Ed Oliver spun his horse and charged French again, and French whipped at him over the head and shoulders with the willow-stick whip. Oliver backed off a few yards, and pulled a pistol from his waistband. We can try to see the lucky shot so slowly—the two angry men, their horses blowing and frightened, the one inexperienced with his weapon. Oliver raised the pistol and fired.

But there's another version of these events, in which French got a willow stave from the fence, and took to beating at Oliver after a harmless gate-side encounter, Oliver who was riding a workhorse and didn't have much chance of getting away.

In this version, after taking a few blows to the head and shoulders, Oliver pulled his .32 caliber revolver and fired one shot from a total of three in the cylinder. The shot hit French above the eye. They were two hundred yards from the gate when this occurred.

In either version, against any imaginable odds, the bullet explodes from beneath Peter French's left ear, and the history of that country is marked by a turning. The fragments of bone and the blood hang in the cold winter air with time stopped as everything changes. We try to hear the little popping of the pistol in the wind, and see Peter French already dead as he falls, and Oliver spurring his horse and riding away into his escape from what has happened.

COURTESY HARNEY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

In this portrait Peter French looked as dignified as a man should who had amassed wealth and power in the Blitzen Valley, including his 132,000 acre P Ranch.

Doctor Volk, who examined Oliver the next day, stated that Oliver had a dislocated thumb and severe bruises on the right side of his head and shoulders. We wonder if these injuries could have been inflicted by a willow stick with a

Conflicting ambitions led to tragedy on that December morning in 1897 near Ed Oliver's place in Blitzen Valley.

COURTESY HARNEY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Taken around the turn of the century, this photograph shows the headquarters for the P Ranch. The middle, one-story section was the original building "where no woman ever lived for more than a few days at a time until French was dead." The two-story, end sections were added in 1898 to accommodate the John South family.

piece of buckskin tied to the end of it.

The body was left where it fell, covered with some saddle blankets until nightfall, when Andrea Littrell came out from the Sod House where he worked, and set up a tent. David Crow was another man like Emanuel Clark who was to live a long life in the country after French's death, retelling what he saw, and a hero because of the famous ride he began moments later—changing horses at the headquarters of the P Ranch and carrying the word, changing horses nine times before he reached Winnemucca in forty-three hours without resting.

The Harney County coroner, T. W. Stephens, took charge of French's body the next day, and transported it to the living quarters of Leon Brown in Burns, where Doctor W. L. Marsden conducted his investigation. Death by gunshot.

The body was placed in a zinc-lined box and shipped by wagon to Baker City, where it was embalmed and shipped on by Wells Fargo Express to Red Bluff, where Peter French was buried alongside his father and mother in the Oak Hill Cemetery on January 4, 1898.

The trial of Ed Oliver took place on May 19, 1898, in Burns. After various partisan and contradictory testimony a jury of his peers stayed out three hours before returning a verdict of not guilty. On October 11 of that same year Oliver's wife divorced him, and Oliver vanishes from the records of a country where the good parts were by then vividly mapped in bright colors and mostly settled. Some say he left with a woman, others say he was killed by P Ranch cowboys—but in any event he was gone from that other republic where our old people lived with their horses and the natural consequences of their ambitions, to which we are the heirs apparent as we dream of constructing one perfect round barn in which to work through the winter months.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

There is an extensive list of primary sources of material about Peter French in *Cattle Country of Peter French* by Giles French (Binford and Mort, Portland, Oregon, 1964), which is probably the best book about French, although it is thin stuff at best and biased in his favor. Interesting material about French and the early-day livestock industry in Harney County may also be found in *Harney County Oregon and its Range Land* by George Francis Brimlow (Binford and Mort, Portland, Oregon, 1951; recently reprinted). *Harney County, an historical inventory* by Royal Jackson and Jennifer Lee (Harney County Historical Society, 1978) is extremely useful for visitors to the country. But the best sources of information are Marcus Haines and Mrs. Jessie Williams, both of the Harney County Historical Society.

William Kittredge *teaches creative writing at the University of Montana. A book of his short stories,* We Are Not in This Together, *will be published by Gray Wolf Press this fall.*

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Letters *(Continued from page 8)*

he did, but the judges had always discriminated against him because of his race. He was so good that many white riders refused to compete against him.

Hal D. Browning
Hunters, Washington

Goldfield highgrade

Having been born and raised in Goldfield, Nevada, I was most interested in the article on highgrading by Joseph R. Conlin. We lived in a rock house overlooking a big gully in Goldfield, and from 1936 to 1942 not a day passed without people searching the gully for highgrade ore that had been hidden. No one ever found any that I knew of.

One of the boys in my class of six passed over a baseball diamond walking to and from school, and he was amazed one day when someone came back to Goldfield, dug up homeplate and left with all the high-grade ore they had deposited earlier.

Keep up the good work.

Martha Reiley Johnson
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Those Black Hills are calling

I enjoy your magazine more than I can say. I am originally from Rapid City, South Dakota, and I miss the Black Hills very much. My family has recently moved back to the Black Hills (Hot Springs, South Dakota) where my mother was raised.

I think it's great to see articles on this area and hope to see more. I am also deeply interested in the cultures and traditions of the American Indians, and I hurt over their treatment (past and present). I find your stories to be very interesting and informative without being too biased one way or the other.

Tracy M. Philips
Marysville, California

Public lands

First I am going to give my good and substantial reasons for speaking my piece as I see things, in opposition to what the present administration is doing with our public lands, namely Watts and his cronies.

My roots in America date back to 1635 in the area around Boston, Massachusetts. My father and mother were pioneers of eastern Montana. My grandfather was one of the first settlers in Utah and Cash Valley, Idaho. I have punched cows in Utah, Wyoming, and Montana. I have been ranch foreman on a 600,000 acre ranch in northwestern Wyoming. I was a candidate for U.S. Congress from Cody, Wyoming, in 1966.

I have seen all too many gates locked, keeping the public off the National Forest and other lands belonging to the general public. When those lands were set aside, they were intended for the use of all our people. Then because some outfits were given priority to run stock on the public domain, they get the idea they own the lands, even to the roads that have been there for years to serve the public lands.

Anyone favoring the selling of the public lands must be looking to secure some of it for their own selfish ends. The money would never be of any help in balancing the national budget. It would all be wasted over-seas, as this administration is wasting money right and left now.

If anybody wants to get political I can, and I have earned the right to.

Harry B. Greenleaf
Roberts, Montana

Western art

AMERICAN WEST is a delightful as well as informative publication. Some have commented in the "Letters" department that perhaps too much emphasis is placed on art. Perhaps the western artists, such as Russell, Remington, and many others have contributed more to the history of the American West than we realize. While many of the scenarios as depicted in the various paintings, drawings, and sketches may appear to be somewhat dramatic, such did depict the real life of the people who settled the West itself.

Even those who published short stories on the Old West in pulp magazines such as *Ranch Romances* made a significant contribution. One

such publisher, Eltinge Warner of Warner Publications, made annual trips to the Valley Ranch near Cody, Wyoming, to gather information and material for Old West stories of the cowboy as published in *Ranch Romances*. Mr. Warner not only gathered information and made observations firsthand, but reportedly brought along his writers and even artists who made the drawings for the illustrations.

As near as I can gather, Russell, Remington, Koerner, Will James, and many other artists, at one time or another, made illustrations, depicting the life of the cowboy and others for such publications, perhaps unwittingly, setting down a graphic record for future generations to enjoy, that we otherwise may have missed altogether. The western art has definitely played an important role in preserving the history of our American West.

Don Nichols
Tucson, Arizona

Outdoor baptism

The inside of me fell a foot when I read Lauretta Bergeson's letter (July/August) saying Fay, Oklahoma, lies over the line in Dewey County. She is correct, and I feel as though I failed a test to which I knew all the answers. Now I am worried about all those mistakes I never knew I made.

Nobody will believe that I asked an oldtimer and looked at a map, nor that I have traveled through the country. Moving towns about is not the kind of folklore I want to be involved in. I am sorry and humble because I didn't get it right.

It was a pleasure anyway, and thanks.

Glenn Hays
Bend, Oregon

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Some editing of letters may be necessary in order to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, 3033 N. Campbell Ave., Tucson, Ariz. 85719.

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Western Books in Brief

These books may be purchased from your local bookstore. AMERICAN WEST does not sell them.

The Ghost Walker *by R. D. Lawrence (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York, 1983; 242 pp., $15.95).*
In the fall of 1972 one man ventured into the British Columbia wilderness to stalk and study the Ghost—a wild mountain lion of the Selkirk Mountains. His accounts of mutual surveillance and encounter with the Ghost, the wolf White Spot, and other creatures are downright riveting. But meticulous observation, reflections of solitude, the author's sensitivity to the wilderness, and his clinical knowledge as a biologist make this more than an adventure story.

British Columbia: This Favoured Land *by Liz Bryan (Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, dist. by University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1983; 160 pp., illus., index, $29.95).*
Page after page of dazzling imagery complements a readable text on the natural history and settlement of British Columbia. The terrains of taiga, rain forest, and sea provided the inspiration for fifteen Canadian photographers. Indigenous wildlife is portrayed in watercolor vignettes.

Westering Man: The Life of Joseph Walker *by Bil Gilbert (Atheneum, New York, 1983; 350 pp., notes, biblio., $14.95).*
In vivid detail and a comfortable style, Bil Gilbert unfolds the story of a frontier hero. Trailblazer, fur trader, and sheriff, Joseph Walker was a household name in the nineteenth century, though he is relatively obscure today. While Walker's achievements rank with those of Kit Carson and Daniel Boone, his reported dignity, modesty, and reluctance to talk to journalists are offered as explanation for Walker's current lack of fame.

Carleton E. Watkins: Photographer of the American West *by Peter Palmquist, fore. by Martha Sandweiss (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, for the Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, 1983; 245 pp., illus., biblio., index, $50.00).*
As this stunning catalog demonstrates, Carleton Watkins's grand landscape images have not lost any allure since they swayed the vote of the United States Congress in 1864 to make Yosemite a wilderness park. Equally appealing are Watkins's striking industrial and architectural images—most of which are published here for the first time. Incisive writing illuminates Watkins's career and his extensive travels throughout the West.

Through Glacier Park in 1915 *by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Roberts Rinehart, Inc., Boulder, Colorado, 1983; 92 pp., illus., paper $3.95, cloth $10.00).*
A short, casual narrative—like a letter from a friend—relates with witty anecdotes Rinehart's adventures in the Rocky Mountains of northwestern Montana. Accompanied by forty-two other adventure-seekers (including Charlie Russell, cowboy-artist and "campfire star"), Rinehart rode horseback across the Continental Divide, observing and responding to the pleasures and pains of the trail.

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse *by Peter Matthiessen (The Viking Press, New York, 1983; 628 pp., notes, index, $20.95).*
Indian Nations vs. U.S. Government; the author pleads the case of the American Indian. In particular, Matthiessen speaks for Leonard Peltier, a leader of the American Indian Movement convicted of murder after an incident in Wounded Knee, South Dakota, in 1975. He sees Leonard Peltier's experience as reflecting "more than most of us wish to know about the realities of Indian existence in America."

I–Mary: A Biography of Mary Austin *by Augusta Fink (University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1983; 310 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $17.50).*
An independent woman—sensitive and often bitter—is depicted in this well-written biography. The better-known aspects of Austin's literary career are skillfully woven with personal and moving episodes.

Kiowa Voices: Myths, Legends and Folktales, Volume II *by Maurice Boyd (Texas Christian University Press, Fort Worth, 1983; 340 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $39.95).*
More than one hundred tales and oral histories recorded since 1917 tell of real events—battles, migrations, captivities—and of traditional Kiowa perceptions of the world. The mythical Saynday, first hero and later jokester, stars in "Saynday Tricks Uncle Bear" and countless other adventures that teach valuable Kiowa lessons. An abundance of historical photographs, drawings, and

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Books in Brief

paintings—many by tribal artists—depict the legends and peoples in this capacious second volume of *Kiowa Voices*.

This is Home Now *by Floyd A. Robinson (Iowa State University Press, Ames, Iowa, 1983; 229 pp., $14.95).*
In this narrative boyhood escapades, family chores, tools, and equipment are thoroughly and entertainingly portrayed. The author offers a rich recollection of his youth "as an accurate account of typical farm life in the Midwest during the second and third decades of the twentieth century."

Bradford Angier's Backcountry Basics: Wilderness Skills and Outdoor Know-How, *ed. by Esme Detweiler (Stackpole Books, Harrisburg, Penn., 1983; 358 pp., illus., index, $19.95).*
With this trove of outdoor know-how, both beginning and experienced adventurers can learn the skills to feel at home in the wilderness. Finding one's way; treating sickness or wounds; gathering, catching, and cooking foods (including what to eat first and why) —Angier instructs us how to read and use nature in everyday and emergency situations.

Country Inns of America: The Mississippi *by Chuck Lawliss (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York, 1983; 96 pp., illus., paper $10.95).*

Country Inns of America: The Rocky Mountains *by Terry Berger (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York, 1983; 96 pp., illus., paper $10.95).*
Lodges, hotels, and ranches—some of which fall loosely under the definition of "country inn"—are discerningly described and sumptuously illustrated in these guides. Practical information on rates, meals, and location is accompanied by highlights on history and attractions.

The Rocky Mountains: A Vision for Artists in the Nineteenth Century *by Patricia Trenton and Peter H. Hassrick (The University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, in assoc. with The Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming, 1983; 440 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $65.00).*
Connoisseurs and greenhorns alike will be delighted with this extraordinary volume of illustrations and art history. More than one hundred eighty, fine, black-and-white and color plates depict pristine Rocky Mountain regions, and an authoritative text places the artists in the climate of their times. (See "The Magnificent Rockies: Studio for Explorers" by Peter H. Hassrick in AMERICAN WEST, May/June 1983.)

BLACK-FOOTED FERRET. DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY MARK ROSSI

many scientists, the slim creatures with a black, banditlike mask began dwindling in numbers when eradication campaigns against prairie dogs destroyed their prime food source. Clark at Idaho State University was convinced that some ferrets still had to be alive. Financed by the National Geographic Society, he began a search more than eight years ago, circulating "wanted" posters that offered a fifty-dollar reward for information about the elusive animals. "At last came a landmark day, June 28, 1982, when at 2:00 A.M. we spotted a mother carrying three tiny kits, one at a time, from one burrow to another," Clark said. Sixty black-footed ferrets have been sighted in Wyoming, but recovery of this animal population to a healthy status requires about 500.

Western History Association. The Salt Lake Hilton in Salt Lake City, Utah, will be the meeting place for the twenty-third annual conference of the Western History Association. The four-day conference begins Wednesday October 12 and includes sessions on "The Army and the West," "The Cowboy in Western Film," "Religion on the Frontier," and "Whither Western History?" Speaking at the banquet on Friday evening will be Frederick Manfred, prominent Western author and folktale expert from the University of South Dakota. For more information about the conference, which also features a variety of special events, write Dr. William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89557 or call (702) 784-6852.

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Western Snapshots Today

Wearing a full harness and blinders, this fine, fat draft horse patiently drags the family outhouse up the main road between Vallecitos and Cañon Plaza, New Mexico. A travois platform of pine posts, similar to those used by the Plains Indians, has been placed under the *escusado* to prevent damage to the structure on the way.

At a time when "back to the land" has become an attractive alternative lifestyle for beleaguered American city-dwellers, many old families in northern New Mexico have proudly retained their traditional ways. The ax, wood-burning stove, kerosene lamp, hand water pump, horse-drawn plow, and *outhouse* are still used today with the same efficiency they have always provided. The constant butt of jokes, the privy is nevertheless one link between the rural past and present that shows how people can still live close to the land, using old-time ways.

This picture was taken during a family camping trip high in the mountains of New Mexico's Rio Arriba County. Leaning out the window of a moving truck, the photographer literally snapped the shot using a hand-held (and, she says, "probably vibrating") Nikormat camera with a 50 mm Nikon lens, and Tri-X film.

Diana Hadley, part-time rancher and part-time teacher in southern Arizona, submitted this cheerful view of Western life today.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any photographer, amateur or professional, whose Western Snapshot Today is selected for publication on this page. Pictures portraying today's West—the land and its people—in black-and-white or color, will be accepted for consideration. Please specify the type of camera, lens, film, paper, and techniques as well as light conditions used to obtain your photograph. Prints will be handled with care and returned promptly after use. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Today, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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Western Snapshots Yesterday

On their farm in Limestone County, Texas, at the beginning of this century, Leander L. Thomas and his wife, Willie, typified Western pioneers whose livelihood was coerced from the soil by back-breaking labor. With their neighbors, they shared a community that was committed to the welfare of each member and ready to lend a hand when it was needed. Once when L. L. Thomas was ill and could not plant his crop, friends came to help out. The women brought food for all, and the men planted twenty acres of cotton in one day, enabling the Thomases to have a crop that year.

Lena Thomas of Fontana, California, sent us this photograph taken around 1906 on the farm of her husband's parents. She writes that this was the time: "When it was said, 'Let Europe have the industry.' Everyone was thinking agriculture. This is how it was done, breaking up the sod to turn Texas prairie into farms. How proud they were not knowing how valuable the grass was or that it couldn't be replaced, or about the dust bowl to come.... Later the mule gave way to tractors, and laborers went to cities to work in industries, making the family farm a thing of the past."

Three-quarters of a century ago many Americans were caught up in the excitement of moving West. Their trek meant not only personal opportunity but fulfillment of national promise and pride. The elder Thomases were among earnest, hard-working Americans who put down their roots and tested the soil in more than one place in their quest for the American dream. They answered the seductive call of the setting sun, leaving their Limestone County farm and heading West several times until they reached California.

Their joys and sorrows were common to generations of Americans.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western Snapshot Yesterday is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs that tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Yesterday, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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